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The Shape of Things

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THE CHOICE OF CLARENCE DYKSTRA FOR THE University of Wisconsin presidency, to succeed Glenn Frank, seems to us wholly admirable. Mr. Dykstra is already a national figure. He has been through the academic wars as member of the faculty at several Midwestern state universities, and he should be no stranger to the atmosphere of such a campus as Wisconsin. He is a liberal, moreover, who will like (as Mr. Frank never liked) the political climate of a progressive state. His administrative experience is scarcely second to that of anyone in the country: under his management Cincinnati has had the reputation of the best-governed city in America, and his brilliant performance in handling the recent flood emergency is still remembered. Most important of all, however, Mr. Dykstra will not come to his post, as Mr. Frank came, heralded by all the bright pretensions of a Great Leader and a Public Force. He is merely what every good university president should be: a competent scholar, a good administrator, a genial and tactful person.

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TWO LANDMARKS OF JUDICIAL HISTORY: thus we must describe Mr. Roosevelt's radio speech on the Supreme Court last week and Assistant Attorney-General Robert H. Jackson's statement at the Senate committee hearings. Both of them, of course, were "partisan" just as their opponents have been "partisan"; each side seeks to push its position while arguing in terms of the national interest as a whole. But nothing abler and clearer than the Roosevelt and Jackson statements has emerged from the entire debate, and nothing that will better stand the test of time. We ask every progressive who still feels a serious doubt about the need for passing the President's proposal to study the two speeches and compare them with the best that has been urged on the other side.

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FRIENDS OF THE SPANISH DEMOCRATIC forces were dismayed last week by reports that some 80,000 or 90,000 Italian soldiers had been thrown into the invasion of Spain. The reports are clearly true. But that does not mean that Spain will be another Abyssinia. The latest dispatches in the New York *Times* from Herbert L. Matthews, who is doing brilliant work as Madrid correspondent, declare that the Italians are on the run.

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One reason for this is the increasing effectiveness of loyalist propaganda. Earlier attempts by the government to tell the Moors and the insurgent Spaniards the truth about the Franco regime had only a fragmentary success. Now, however, the Italian anti-fascists in the International Column have learned how to reach the Italians who have been sent by Il Duce in a cause which is not their own. A second factor, reinforcing this propaganda, is the greater strength of the loyalist air force, which has been doing splendid work on the Guadalajara front. Thus bombs and literature are working together to destroy Italian morale.

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THE CHRYSLER CORPORATION HAS FAILED to obtain from the United Automobile Workers the relatively easy terms on which the General Motors strike was settled. The union is making a much stronger bid to be designated as sole bargaining agency. The reasons are clear. The General Motors strike can be counted as a victory, and the union's majority in the Chrysler factories is not questioned. Governor Murphy has called a citizens' conference, with the palpable hope of getting rid of the sitdown. He has also declared, referring to Judge Campbell's injunction ordering Lewis, Martin, and others to vacate the plants, that "there should be no disobedience of court orders." It does not seem likely, however, in view of his own all too recent precedent, that he will allow the Chrysler sitdown to be ended by violence. We believe earnestly that the American public is becoming increasingly aware of the fact that the sitdown is more than a matter of simple trespass. It is significant that Judge Campbell's opinion is far less militant than was Judge Gadola's in the General Motors case. The sitdown has not yet been recognized as legal. But law is a process of growth, and all the forces of the time are conspiring to give the sitdown legality.

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THE COPELAND FOOD AND DRUG BILL, JUST passed by the Senate, brings cosmetics within the purview of the Food and Drug Administration but does little more to advance protection of the consumer. The Senate had the good grace to temper the iniquitous Bailey amendment a little, but it is still necessary under the law to prove that a quack is not only a crook but a deliberate crook as well. It remained for Senator Borah to make the bill even worse as it passed the Senate than it was when it came out of Copeland's committee. Borah obtained an amendment giving defendants in seizure cases the right to trial on their home grounds. As a result the Idaho apple grower, brought to book for shipping fruit thickly incrusted with poisonous spray residues, may be tried by a jury of his fellow apple growers in Idaho rather than by a jury of consumers in New York who don't like poison. The battle scene now shifts to the House and its Interstate Commerce Committee. The most hopeful news of the week for consumers is that Representative Cole of Maryland has quit fence-straddling and become a champion of the consumer in the committee's proceedings.

SECRETARY HULL'S REVERSAL OF HIS STAND on granting passports to medical and relief missions going to Spain has been attributed in part, by the *Herald Tribune's* Washington bureau, to last week's editorial in *The Nation,* Is the State Department Favoring General Franco? We are of course happy to have had a share in bringing American policy back into line with its humane traditions. Mr. Hull's earlier insistence that relief and medical aid could be handled through the International Red Cross is interesting in the light of the fact that thus far the Red Cross has spent only $62,082 in Spain, much of it for evacuating Americans and other foreigners from the war zones. So much for what the Red Cross could or would do in fulfilling the intentions of those who care about Spanish democracy. Two lines of effort remain for Americans. One is to continue their support of medical aid and food relief. The response to *The Nation's* efforts to raise money for a food ship has been gratifying, and food is now on the docks awaiting shipment. But it is not enough to relieve hunger and suffering. The prestige of a powerful democracy like ours is enormous. Mr. Roosevelt, backed by a massed American opinion, could by open appeal start an irresistible movement of protest against the rape of Spain by fascist powers.

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WE OWE AN EXPLANATION TO OUR READERS on the way we interpreted in last week's issue the sinking of the Mar Cantabrico. Reports from rebel sources have in the past been so notoriously false that we checked this one as usual. We found that when the ship set out it had been agreed that on its arrival in Spain a cipher message was to be sent to America; and that *this message actually arrived* about a week before the report of the sinking. On this we based our report. What happened, of course, was that the ship was riddled with spies from the start, who on the passage to Spain killed the captain, took control of the vessel, and arranged with other spies in Spain to send the message. If the full story is ever revealed, it will read like the most fantastic fiction.

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THERE WAS SOMETHING TRULY ALARMING in the spectacle of John P. Frey hotfooting it to Pittsburgh to advise with the company union of the Carnegie-Illinois Steel Corporation, at the union's request, on ways and means of combating the C. I. O. It suddenly turned pathetic when the company union refused to join Mr. Frey's outfit, saying that a craft-union set-up would cause confusion in the industry. All along the line the A. F. of L., in its avowed campaign to sabotage the C. I. O., is doomed to be defeated by its lack of energy and its antiquated point of view. It will continually find itself in the position of having started something which the C. I. O. is much better equipped to finish. The announcement by the Maryland State Federation that local unions affiliated with the C. I. O. were not eligible for membership was one of the events that led the C. I. O. to announce that it would henceforth certify state and city affiliates as the need arises. Another was the suicidal

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action of the Cleveland Federation of Labor in expelling the C. I. O. unions in an industrial region where the C. I. O. has enormous potential strength. There is now talk of a national convention at which the executive council will finally expel the Lewis unions. The actual result of the A. F. of L. policy will be to limit its own influence and membership to an ever-diminishing section of labor which is genuinely adapted to craft unionism.

*

MARCH 18 MARKS THE CENTENARY OF THE birth of Grover Cleveland. We hope the Democrats are not so preoccupied with their internal strife over the Supreme Court as to forget to celebrate someone on whom they can all unite. For Cleveland was a curious blend of the courageous reformer and the diehard conservative. In civil-service administration he called a halt to the shameless spoliation that marked the decades of Republican rule after the Civil War. "I seem always to be saying no," he remarked, and it took stamina to say no to the thousands of hungry office-seekers. But this stamina could also become a stiffness of mind that kept him from understanding and adapting himself to the forces of social change. The only way he knew to deal with the Pullman strike in 1894 was to call out the federal troops. The only way he knew to deal with the financial crisis in his second term was to insist on maintaining the gold standard unimpaired at any social cost. Thus when he left the Presidency, he had endeared himself to the "sound-money" men but he had also furnished the common man with an excellent education as to the nature of a "reform President." We trust that Mr. Roosevelt will not be another stage in the same education.

*

CALIFORNIA'S AGRICULTURAL WORKERS, most of them migratory, have been the stepchildren alike of the agricultural system and of the "respectable" labor movement. Organization has been sporadic and limited, with the result that vigilante terror, police oppression, and horrible living conditions have kept 200,000 workers in a continuous state of poverty and insecurity—the annual wage ranges from $250 to $350 per family. Now a succession of circumstances, including the wave of labor organization sweeping the country and, more immediately, the hearings of the President's Committee on Farm Tenancy held in San Francisco, have forced the State Federation of Labor to act. Late in February a hundred delegates from various agricultural and cannery unions in the state met at a conference. The federation officials in charge tried to put through a form of organization which would be the creature of the state federation's executive council. The attempt failed because of the alertness of the workers' representatives. As a result a committee was appointed to draw up a democratic constitution to be presented to the federation's executive council on March 21. Will the council now abandon its former tactics and help build a strong union? As long as 200,000 agricultural workers remain unorganized, their status undermines the living standards and security of all labor.

THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS HANG SUSPENDED, like other colonial lands, between the devil of imperialism and the deep blue sea of "independence"—at the risk of economic strangulation. They cannot hope to win genuine political independence, because they are too important to America as a military and naval base. They hardly want economic independence, because over a period of years, under pressure from America, their economy has become so enmeshed in the pattern of American trade that a severance of relations now would upset their own stability. Inevitably, in such a situation, there arises a politician ready and willing to exploit it. Cuba has had its Machado. The Philippines have their Quezon. With the aid of our own General MacArthur, President Quezon has built up a formidable dictatorship, subservient to capital both native and American, which is analyzed on another page by James S. Allen. President Quezon is at present in this country arranging for a conference—promised at the time the independence act was passed—to discuss and if possible modify certain clauses in the act which are extremely unfavorable to the Islands. In later articles Mr. Allen will discuss the economic problems involved in the conference.

*

THE SEATTLE ELECTIONS ON MARCH 9 WERE a victory for organized labor. Three labor-indorsed candidates gained seats in the city council, giving labor five out of nine votes in the new council. One of them was Hugh DeLacy, member of the University of Washington's teachers' union, who was dismissed for entering the political race. The returns add to the prestige of the Washington Commonwealth Federation and of Mayor John F. Dore, who led the campaign for the labor candidates and urged the need of living wages and complete union organization. This proves what progressives can accomplish in local politics.

*

OUR CONTEMPORARY, THE *NEW YORKER*, HAS succumbed to the Supreme Court controversy. Hitherto aloof from the political struggle, it has now, to our regret, stepped down to join the free-for-all among us old and hardened gladiators. We feel uneasy and disillusioned. Here is the crumbling of the last and best of our ivory towers. In the past, when we were troubled by a nightmare of Trotsky on a sitdown strike in the Supreme Court, or Mrs. Roosevelt leading a battalion of du Ponts to the defense of Madrid, we would wake and reach for the *New Yorker*. There, in the odyssey of Hyman Kaplan, the drawings of Thurber and Hokinson, we would find calm and refreshment till the dawn came. But no longer can we go for solace to the *New Yorker*, for fear of opening its pages and finding just another argument on the judiciary. Nor will it stop there. Once the first step is taken the descent is easy. Pretty soon the editors will be discussing neutrality, then the C. I. O., then social security, and before long the *New Yorker* will be found taking a stand on rural electrification. We might just as well subscribe to the *Congressional Record*.

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No Brown-Shirt Armies!

IT WAS no accident that news of the formation of a uniformed army of Nazi Americans came immediately after the attack of the Hitler press upon the American Jews. There is a connection between the two. Hitler's program in every country has been to stir up anti-Semitic feeling at every opportunity, and meanwhile to use a private army of storm troops as a nucleus around which terrorist activities can be organized. Fritz Kuhn, the leader of the American storm troops, has had himself photographed with his aides in their shiny new uniforms, and an order has gone out that every member of the organization must outfit himself in the same uniform, equipped in every detail down to a Sam Browne belt and a swastika emblem. Although he has chosen as uniform something other than the German brown shirt, the fact remains that this is a brown-shirt army, with the same purposes as the German Brown Shirts, subservient to the same *Führer,* aiming at the same totalitarian state.

There is of course the danger of overestimating the strength of the organization. It claims 200,000 members, whereas one-half of that number would probably be a better approximation. It is, moreover, torn by internal strife, as is pointed out by the excellent new American-German weekly, the *Deutsches Volksecho,* which is rallying all Germans in America who feel that there is a difference between the Hitler regime and the best traditions of German culture. There have been internal party purges in the new Nazi organization, and charges and countercharges of treason and misappropriation of funds. We agree also with the fine editorial in the New York *Herald Tribune,* which points out how thoroughly ridiculous the whole mumbo-jumbo of uniforms and swastikas must seem to a rational mind.

But this is exactly the rub. The building of terrorist private armies takes its sustenance from every irrational growth in a society, and seeks always to add to the sum of the irrational. We do not foresee any immediate danger in this country. But everything we have learned from the recent history of Europe shows that unless these cancerous growths within a society are excised at the very start they can eventually destroy the organism. Today these American Nazis, in a spirit of brotherly love, are decorating Jewish places of worship with warning swastikas. Tomorrow, as in London's Whitechapel a few months ago, they will be marching in formation through the East Side, seeking to stir up a riot. The day after tomorrow there will be bloody clashes and race hatred.

The thing we are in danger of forgetting is that such a sequence is *an integral part of the logic of the Nazi movement through the world.* The Hitler regime in Germany maintains a brave front, but a silent process of disintegration is eating away at it internally. Its only chance for pursuing its mad career successfully is to neutralize and paralyze those democratic countries that stand in its path. Hence the Nazi movements in France, England, America, aimed to split each country by labeling every democratic force either radical or Jewish.

We feel that the common man in America has too canny a sense of social reality to be deluded thus. But we cannot afford to take any risks. Congress must not let this session end without taking measures to ban uniformed organizations of any sort aiming to foment social hatred. America is capable of taking care of itself without the unsolicited aid of private armies.

The Last Puritan

PAUL ELMER MORE died on March 9 at the age of seventy-two. For the five years between 1909 and 1914 he was editor of *The Nation* (then a weekly supplement to the New York *Evening Post*). It is not certain that he would have accepted any tribute from *The Nation* of today. But we cannot let the occasion pass without some comment upon one of our predecessors, and one of the most distinguished critics and scholars America has produced.

When More left his peaceful academic career to enter the lists of journalism he might, like others who have made the same transition, have plunged with excitement into the world of social reality. Finding himself increasingly out of sympathy with the age in which he lived, however, he retired deeper and deeper into a private universe, where he pondered the reconciliation of Plato with Jesus. But the "Shelburne Essays," begun in 1904 and continued until they filled eleven volumes, contributed much to the education of a whole generation of critics. Though he became, with Professor Babbitt, the acknowledged leader of the briefly active New Humanist movement, it is probable that his most enduring influence has been exerted through those who rejected his conclusions and had ceased to remember how much they profited from his learned if somewhat chilly analyses of literature. Only Stuart Sherman was a professed disciple, but there was hardly a cultured critic who did not owe him something.

In the days when More was editor, someone said that the function of *The Nation* was to combat the influence of Rousseau. That remark was only half a pleasantry, for the fundamental premise of his attitude was the belief that human nature was bad rather than good, that self-imposed restraint was the beginning of all virtue, that "God, not Satan, is the spirit which denies." To him the human was the antithesis of the natural, and for that reason liberalism in politics and romanticism in literature seemed parts of the same great evil—respect for the natural impulses. He liked to think of himself as a catholic Christian, but he was really a puritan, as his desire to reconcile Christianity with Plato rather than with Aristotle is itself sufficient evidence. Possibly, indeed, he was the last puritan in that he has left no one who can defend the puritan temperament with anything like his intellectual force.

It is probable that More would have considered no method of analysis more completely inadmissible than that of the "new psychology." But it is difficult not to feel that he used the full resources of both his learning and his intellect to justify and rationalize an attitude which he had inherited from a puritan civilization, that

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he was busy all his life finding reasons for those self-denials which he had himself always made. Either all indulgence of the natural man was evil, or the modern man was enjoying a fuller life than he had ever permitted himself; and More could not bear to believe that he had surrendered anything he might legitimately have had. Almost every modern writer was an affront because almost every modern writer hinted somewhere at the possibility of some sort of freedom or joy unknown in his austere world. In his later years he wrote book after book to prove—principally to himself perhaps—that God was on his side.

Yet for all that we regret his passing. More was aware that the world listened less eagerly than it once had. His writings, however, will have an element of enduring value as long as our swift processes of national growth need to be tempered by appeal to tradition. He will be remembered more than he was recently read.

Japanese Bearing Gifts

FOREIGN MINISTER SATO'S recent announcement that Japan had no territorial ambitions in China and would hereafter pursue a policy of economic "cooperation" is not to be taken as evidence of the new liberalism which observers have insisted was emerging in Japan. Mr. Sato's subsequent statement disavowing the "crisis" which the militarists have used for the last six years as an excuse for their ever-increasing arms budgets has brought down upon him the wrath of his military colleagues. Their quickness in pouncing on the new Foreign Minister shows that he cannot be taken as representative of the government's policy.

A communication which we have just received from a Far Eastern authority now in Japan shows that the Hayashi Cabinet, in composition, backing, and policy, is more closely associated with the military clique than was any Cabinet which preceded it. For the first time since the establishment of the parliamentary system in Japan, the Cabinet has no representatives from either of the two dominant political parties.

While this Cabinet is closer to the military groups than previous Cabinets have been, it is largely tempered by the economic interests. Now that China's resistance to Japanese aggression has become an accepted fact, there is evidence that even the more reactionary business interests, which have hitherto supported the military in its foreign policy, are urging a more conciliatory attitude. The Cabinet itself contains a notable representative of this group in Toyotara Yuki, the new Minister of Finance. Yuki was formerly connected with the group of moderates led by Takahashi, the old Finance Minister who was assassinated in the February coup of 1936, and is probably more representative of the business interests than was Baba, the Finance Minister in the Hirota government. Yuki has come out publicly on several occasions for dealing with the Chinese question on an economic rather than a military basis. In this he is apparently supported by the upper stratum in the army—including the so-called "Big Three," who prevented Ugaki from assuming office. Though highly nationalistic in their sentiments, the higher officers tend to oppose the more extreme ambitions of the younger officers and have prevented them from dictating to Hayashi.

While the moderation of Japanese policy may be attributed primarily to Chinese resistance, it has also been affected by the government's increasing financial difficulties. The growing military expenditures of recent years have resulted in a definite inflationary movement, although this is not admitted officially. The Bank of Japan's index of wholesale commodity prices stood at the highest point on record in January, except for a brief period after the 1923 earthquake. It had advanced no less than 22 per cent in twelve months, and nearly 10 per cent in thirty days. The cost of living increased 4 per cent in 1936 and then stood 26 per cent above the 1931 level. Meanwhile, wage rates have been stationary or have fallen; wage earnings, owing to longer hours, rose 4 per cent between 1933 and 1936.

Recent Japanese governments not only have borrowed heavily but have greatly increased taxes, particularly on articles of everyday consumption. This has given the parties of the left a stronger argument than they have possessed at any time since the invasion of Manchuria in 1931. The proletarian and reform parties have also sought to arouse the larger parties to the need of a common front in defense of the existing parliamentary institutions. Members of the extreme military cliques have made no secret of their plans to "reform" the parliamentary system. While the left parties seem thoroughly awake to the danger, the brave opposition put up by a few of the members of the regular parties in January seems to have evaporated completely. The reason for this is not wholly clear at this distance, apart from the fact that the moderates lost face enormously when the army blocked the formation of a party Cabinet under Ugaki. It is also probable that these parties consider the present Cabinet with the conservative Yuki as Finance Minister more satisfactory to big-business interests than an outright military government such as they fear would be formed if Hayashi were overthrown.

There is still a possibility, however, that the moderate element will decide to offer resistance before it is too late. Little attention has been given in the press in this country to a meeting held on February 1 at which thirteen Diet members, representing both the Seiyukai and the Minseito, determined to resist Hayashi if he threatened to destroy the party system. If a fight is made, it will not necessarily be a hopeless one. Observers are agreed that while the fascists are more aggressive than at any previous time, their popularity with the masses is waning. The powerful financial interests, particularly the houses of Mitsui and Mitsubishi, are on the whole opposed to both the domestic and the foreign policies of the military clique. The workers are better organized than a few years ago. But if the fight is to be a winning one, the Japanese democrats will have to show that they are made of sterner stuff than their German and pre-civil war Spanish analogues.

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WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

General Johnson and Labor

Washington, March 14

WHILE the idols of the right almost never betray or even surprise their followers, the gods of the other side almost always do. That's because liberals, progressives, and radicals are saps when it comes to picking their heroes. Think of Ramsay MacDonald, Snowden, Eden, Blum, the earlier Mussolini, and all the Social Democratic forerunners of Hitler, or, confining the thought to American bounds, think of Woodrow Wilson, Newton D. Baker, both Roosevelts, primus et secundus, Al Smith, and Borah, the Moo-Cow, who never finished anything he ever started and always joins the enemy before the bugles sound "Cease firing." Think, too, of Rush Holt and all the other blisterheads who have been acclaimed as champions of the underprivileged merely because they had said a few unkind words about the power trust.

I bring the matter up at this time because of signs that General Hugh S. Johnson rapidly is returning to favor among the leftish solely because of his thunderings against the foes of Roosevelt's court program. Even John L. Lewis, who should know better, has been making goo-goo eyes at Johnson. It is easy to show that the schizofrenzied General has feet of clay. It is easy to show he is clay to well above the hips, and I suspect that a complete autopsy would reveal more than a little mud in his hypophysis. Just a few days ago fresh proof was added to the record. The La Follette committee produced proof that Johnson knocked down a $40,000 fee plus $5,564 expense money for serving as labor counsel to the R. C. A. Manufacturing Company during the strike at Camden last summer. He was employed because, according to Johnson's letter to the committee, R. C. A. needed someone "familiar with labor legislation and practices." It also desired, it seems, someone with entry to Lewis's office and possessing influence as well with the NLRB, or at least professing such influence. And how did R. C. A. conduct itself after it had acquired Johnson's valuable services as labor counsel? According to the records of both the NLRB and the La Follette committee, it proceeded to use every union-busting dodge in the book, including some 300 thugs from a strike-breaking agency maintained by Tim Manning, who still is dodging subpoenas from the La Follette committee. A total of $831,000 was spent by R. C. A. in fighting the United Electrical and Radio Workers' Union, a C. I. O. affiliate.

Then came the peace which Johnson takes pride in having engineered. Strikers were to be rehired without discrimination. An NLRB election was to be held and the company was to recognize the Radio Workers' Union as spokesman for all its employees if the union polled a majority of votes. The election was held, but the company union conducted a boycott campaign in which the workers were warned by radio and leaflets that if they voted, another strike and more bloodshed would follow. The Radio Workers' Union won the election by an overwhelming vote, but as a result of the boycott campaign, little more than a third of the R. C. A. workers went to the polls. Johnson thereupon set out for Washington to try to persuade the NLRB that the union had lost the election. He was not content with making such an argument in the open before the board. He tried to work behind the scenes and to that end barraged John P. Carmody, then a board member, with his personal pleadings, with the quite typical result that he later accused the board of double-crossing him and claimed that Carmody had promised to construe the situation in the way Johnson saw it. Carmody, fresh from the Railway Mediation Board, could point to the fact that he had held contrarily in an RMB case and that a federal court had just upheld the RMB's finding that persons eligible to vote who do not exercise their franchise must accept and abide by the choice of those who do vote.

NLRB members recall—although the fact does not appear in the record—that when Johnson stepped up before the board in public hearings last October to argue that the Radio Workers' Union had failed to obtain a majority in the R. C. A. election because only a minority of employees had voted, he bespoke for himself the role of *amicus curiae*. It was only when Chairman Madden put a blunt question to him that he said he was appearing in behalf of the company. Johnson not only took cognizance of the boycott campaign in his testimony before the NLRB; he defended it at least to the point of arguing that it had no bearing upon how the board should rule. And when the board ruled that the Radio Workers' Union had won the election, Johnson promptly announced he would advise R. C. A. to refuse to comply with the decision, even though it was based on a very clear Supreme Court decision in a similar case.

His advice has been followed. R. C. A. has defied the board and refused to accept the election verdict. Furthermore, some 1,200 to 1,500 of the strikers still are without jobs, according to testimony before the La Follette committee; and a Manning captain and six guards have been added to the permanent R. C. A. establishment to protect the anti-union ground won by the company under the counseling of Johnson, who has invoked the name of John Lewis as a shield against the committee's disclosures. Those disclosures caused Carey, president of the Radio Workers, to remark that it was "worth $45,000 to labor to know where Johnson stands."

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The week produced further proof, though in the form of a minor incident, that Lewis towers over his lieutenants and colleagues on the C. I. O. like a giant redwood among crocuses. It occurred when Labor's Non-Partisan League, a C. I. O. offshoot, staged a night meeting to cap a day spent by league delegates in listening to speeches and talking to Congressmen in behalf of Roosevelt's court program. Two hours before the meeting was to convene, cooks and waiters at the Willard Hotel, the meeting place, staged a sitdown strike and threw a picket line around the hospice. Without a moment's hesitation Lewis refused to go through the picket line, rejected suggestions that he address the meeting by radio or telephone, and proposed that the meeting be canceled. He was instinctively right. His reaction showed that a true feeling of labor solidarity stirs within him and that he has lost whatever strike-breaking inheritance he had as a former member of the A. F. of L. Old Guard. His conduct contrasted sharply with that of George L. Berry, Charles P. Howard, and Sidney Hillman. They took the position that the strike was an A. F. of L. frame-up designed to embarrass the league, and refused in hysterical rage to heed advice that, even if the strike were a frame-up, the smart thing to do was to accept and honor it at its face value. The farthest Hillman would go was to send a committee to test the strikers' good faith by urging them to withdraw their pickets until the league meeting had ended. Berry made matters worse with a nauseating speech in which he invoked the sanctity of contracts in support of his insistence on proceeding with the meeting. The contract which Berry held sacred was the league's contract with the hotel, which serves as league headquarters. Members of the league staff knew days in advance that the strike was coming, and so did the local newspapers, which carried items to that effect. It was, I think, a bona fide strike.

The whole performance was one to fill with misgivings those of us who hope that Lewis will not turn out to be the only C. I. O. leader on whom the new labor movement can count.

Forging Man's Fate in Spain

BY ANDRE MALRAUX

[*The article that follows is a revision of the speech which M. Malraux delivered at the dinner arranged by* THE NATION *in honor of him and Louis Fischer.*]

SPEAKING before people whose very calling is the defense and maintenance of culture, I want my talk to be limited to the function of trying to make you understand why so many Spanish writers and artists are fighting on the side of the loyal Spanish government, why so many foreign artists are today behind the Madrid barricades, why the only one of the great writers of Spain who joined the Fascists, Unamuno, died at Salamanca discarded by them, hopeless, and alone.

On December 27 one of the planes of my squadron was brought down in the Teruel region—behind our lines. It had fallen very high, at about 2,000 meters above sea level, and snow covered the mountains. In this region there are very few villages; it was only after several hours that the peasants arrived and began constructing stretchers for the wounded and a coffin for the dead.

When all was ready, the descent began. There were no roads, only mule paths. The old peasant women, who in this region almost all have sons in the militia, had decided to accompany the wounded. But it was not only the peasant women. The entire populace followed behind us, coming single file down the narrow mountain path. At each one of the villages through which we passed the people were waiting; and each village, when the wounded had passed by, was emptied of its inhabitants. When we reached the first large settlement in the valley, there too the people stood waiting before the low walls of the Spanish town. They gazed in silence at the first wounded —those wounded in the legs; they were used to such things. But when those who had been wounded in the face were carried past—men with flat bandages where their noses should have been, their leather tunics still covered with coagulated blood—then the women and children began to cry. I raised my eyes; the file of peasants extended now from the heights of the mountain to its base—and it was the grandest image of fraternity I have ever encountered: those abandoned villages, that entire people following men wounded for their sake, men whom they had never seen before, descending like a procession out of ancient times, while their sobs, mounting in the great silence of the gorge, made a sound like the roar of an underground river.

The Fascist aviators who were wounded the same day were given military escort. And I could not help thinking that these men of ours, lying on stretchers made by the hands of peasants, had been willing to risk their lives in the specific hope that no military escort but the strong fraternity of the people themselves would henceforth accompany those who fight for their ideas.

On the way back, as we passed near the lines where the Moorish machine-gunners, in the depths of the night, were playing an accompaniment to the sound of our ambulance, I reflected that something was happening here that was of far greater significance than our wounded men, something without precedent since the first war of the French Revolution: the world civil war had begun.

What is the positive element in the various forms of

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fascism? I think it is the exaltation of differences that are essential, irreducible, and constant, such as race or nation. In National Socialism there are two words, national and socialism, but we happen to know that the best way to achieve socialism is not to shoot the Socialists, and that the significant word here is "national." The fascist ideologies, by their very nature, are static and particular. As for democracy and communism, they disagree in respect to the dictatorship of the proletariat, but not in respect to their values, since the dictatorship of the proletariat is, in Marxist eyes, the concrete means for obtaining real democracy—all political democracy being a delusion so long as it does not rest on economic democracy. But what unites us all is that by the general movement now carrying works of art and learning toward a greater and greater number of men, we aim to preserve or to recreate, not static and particular values, but humanist values—humanist because they are universal and because, myth for myth, we do not want the German or the Nordic, the Italian or the Roman, but simply *man*.

In Madrid on the first day of January toys which had been sent from every country in the world were distributed to the children. The distribution took place at the center of the great bull ring; the toys were heaped up in little piles, each like a tangled mass of insects. For an hour the children passed in silence among these little piles of toys; and it seemed as if the generosity of all the world was also accumulated there. Then came the sound of the first bomb. A squadron of Junkers was bombarding the city. The bombs fell six hundred meters away; the attack was very short, and the bull ring is very large. By the time the children reached the gates, the Junkers had departed, and the children turned back to get the last toys.

When all was over, there remained in the immense empty space one little heap, untouched. I approached to examine it; it was a pile of toy airplanes. It lay there in the deserted bull ring, where any child could have helped himself. The little boys had preferred anything, even dolls, and had kept away from that pile of toy airplanes, not with fear, but with a sort of mysterious horror.

That scene has stayed in my memory. We and the Fascists are forever separated by that little heap of abandoned playthings.

I well know that war is violence. I know too that a government bomb might by accident miss its military objective, and fall into a city and wound civilians. What I wish to draw your attention to in the most emphatic way is this: We destroyed the airdrome of Seville but we did not bombard Seville. We destroyed the airdrome of Salamanca, but we did not bombard Salamanca. I destroyed the airdrome of Avila at Olmedo, but I did not bombard Avila. For many months now the Fascists have been bombarding the streets of Madrid.

I have always been struck by the absolute inability of the fascist arts to portray anything but the struggle of man against man. Where in fascist countries is the equivalent of the Soviet films or of the novels dealing with the creation of a new world? A communist civilization, which turns over the instruments of production to the collectivity, can pass from civil life to military life, but a fascist civilization, which maintains the structure of capitalism, cannot do so. Between the collective farmer and a soldier of the Red Army there is no essential difference; both for the artist and for themselves they belong to the same living order. Each of them can pass from one function to the other. But between a German storm trooper and a German peasant there is a difference in nature. The peasant lives on the inside of capitalism; the soldier on the outside. A communion that is real, disinterested, and authentically fascist exists only in the military order. And the result is that fascist civilization, at its extreme point, leads to the total militarizing of the nation—just as fascist art, when it comes to exist, will lead to the aestheticizing of war.

Now, the enemy of a soldier is another soldier, is part of mankind—another man; whereas for the democrats and the Communists the adversary of mankind is not other men but nature. In the struggle against nature, in the exaltation arising from the conquest of things by men, lies one of the strongest traditions of the Occident, extending from "Robinson Crusoe" to the Soviet films. Determined to fight, since fighting is the only safeguard of the meaning we want to give our lives, we nevertheless refuse to make fighting a fundamental value. We desire a philosophy, a political structure, and a hope that lead toward peace and not toward war. In the most serene peace there are still enough combats, tragedies, and exaltations for centuries of art.

I was sitting in a cafe in Valencia with one of our comrades who had been blinded in the first month of this war. From month to month he had hoped to recover his sight, and each time his hopes had been in vain. Suddenly he said to me, "How is it that I see turning lights?" And a moment later, "They are stopping." There was so much conviction in his voice that I turned around. Behind me, in the street, the horses of a merry-go-round were revolving with their lights. The blind man had in truth begun to see once more.

I think that each of us is a little like my comrade who, from the depths of his darkness, saw lights returning. There is much suffering in the world, but there is one kind of suffering which it is a privilege to endure, the suffering of those who suffer because they want to make a world worthy of man—the suffering of those who know that defending the realm of the mind means imparting culture to an ever-growing number—of those who know that the realm of the mind is not for the privileged, that possessing culture is not a question of privilege, and who know that the life of culture throughout the centuries, if it depends first on those who create it, depends less on those who inherit it than on those who desire it.

It is for the men who are defending this concept, consciously or unconsciously, that I have come to ask your help. I ask it in the name of the dignity which culture has conferred upon you. Let each man choose his own way of alleviating this suffering; relieve it he must. That is our responsibility to man's destiny—and perhaps to our own hearts.

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Hitler Mobilizes "Mother Goose"

BY RALPH THURSTON

A UNIQUE contribution to children's literature recently left the press of the Third Reich. It is the world's first anti-Semitic A B C, or Aryan "Mother Goose"—a picture book containing Hitler homilies in kindergarten rhyme.

Twenty-one brightly colored picture pages show brute-faced Jews cheating, seducing, poisoning, and betraying handsome Nordics. Each facing page carries a simple text in baby-talk verse. These are written with model simplicity so that children may understand them, and printed in letters a half-inch high. The Jew-baiter, Julius Streicher publishes this Nazi kiddies' book. Subtitled "A Picture-Book for Great and Small," and released just in time for the Christmas market, it quickly attained a tremendous sale; the first edition of 50,000 was sold in a month.

The book has the format of standard American editions of "Mother Goose," with semi-cardboard pages to withstand the repeated thumbing of eager child readers. Its price has been specially set at 1.80 marks (about fifty cents) in order to insure mass circulation.

The red, blue, and yellow cover bears two pictures: one of a cornered fox, his teeth bared in a savage snarl; and one of a Jew with bestial, huge-beaked face, his right hand raised to take an oath. Below them, printed in a child's large, clear kindergarten script, is the book's title: "Trust Not the Fox by Field or Pond, Nor Any Jew Upon His Bond!" The main nursery rhymes inside the volume are entitled The Wandering Jew, Jewish Names, Once a Jew Always a Jew, The Sabbath, The Jewish Butcher, The Jewish Lawyer, The Jewish Doctor, The Jewish Shop, The Jew's Serving-Maid, The Father of the Jews Is the Devil.

The idea is simply, graphically conveyed that the Jew is a new sort of monster, combining all the classic qualities of the old witch, the bogy man, the big bad wolf, and the wicked ogre. In every illustration the Jew is pictured with parrot-beaked nose, puffy pig eyes, unshaven jowls, and thick lascivious lips. His face, never clean, is consistently screwed up into a savage snarl or an even more ominous leer. The "German," on the other hand, assumes the role of dragon-killer and fairy prince of the older brand of German fairy tale. The book's Germans are all golden blondes, and their heroically determined faces have blazing blue eyes and lean square chins.

Perhaps the most striking lesson in the Aryan A B C is the unique seduction scene for children. The gaily colored illustration here shows a fat-faced, fat-bodied Jewish villain accosting on the street a blonde German girl of humble clothes but noble profile. One of his hands, heavy both with puffy flesh and gleaming rings, is descending on her shoulder. The other dangles a string of pearls before her averted—and clear blue—eyes. Two little Nordic children passing by stare in wonder and horror, but a little Jewish boy on the other side of the street smirks lewdly. Nordic Mother Goose admonishes her little readers in the accompanying jingle:

> The Jew, he thinks he's pretty sly
> If he a German girl can buy.
> But see this picture of the Jew:
> For her the Yid will never do!
> For German girls, O mercy me!
> How miserable a sort is he!

Other pictures and rhymes teach that the Jew is a nasty fellow in just about everything he does—from not washing his hands at all to washing them literally in the blood of trusting Nordics. At the Jewish butcher shop—brightly pictured as a fearful shambles of dirt, cigar-smoke, ancient blood stains, and prowling animals—

> One steak is lying on the floor,
> The next a cat is pawing o'er.
> The butcher-Jew finds that okay
> —The dirtier, the more they'll weigh.
> Such filthy things. Phew! Pee-oo!
> A Jew, and Jew alone, can do!

The heavy plodding of "Mother Goose," weighed down beneath her new brown Nazi uniform, is perhaps best exemplified in the pictorial lesson Once a Jew, Always a Jew. Here Isidor has got himself baptized "a good Catholic" and solemnly promises to eat only fish on Friday. Mother Goose depicts the astonishment of Isidor's good priest who visits his new convert on that day, only to find him greedily devouring a fine fat goose. "Oy," says Ikey, "you dunt understand, Vater. Bevore I begun to eat, I carefully baptized this goose 'fish.' "

The *Führer's* fairy tales take a leaf from another branch of classic children's literature—How the Camel Got His Hump, etc.—in its "simplified history" section. Here the origin, physique, and character of the Jewish race are explained as follows: "The Jews always refused to work like all other decent peoples created by God. The Pharaoh of Egypt, angered at this, made them carry the stone for his pyramids as punishment. The Jews have therefore been round-shouldered and flat-footed, with staring eyes and sour expressions, ever since. But the father of the Jews is Satan. And he saved them from captivity, carrying them to Germany on his back." Here a striking picture shows the devil gamboling over sea and desert with tiny Jews clinging to his back and tail.

What may well prove the most immediately "educational" part of this curious children's book, however, are the antics of little German boys and girls who also appear in its illustrations. They point the finger of scorn at each

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Jewish culprit and dance up and down with joy at his discomfiture. In the "Picture-Book's" lively representation of "school life today in Germany" all the Nordic children are shown gathered at the gate to call names, stick out tongues, and thumb noses at little Jewish children going down the street to their own Jewish school. "Away with the Jewish brood," reads the text.

Another highly practical page of the picture primer shows a little German girl, blonde as a buttercup, shopping with her mother. She is staring wide-eyed into a toy-shop window. "No," says Mamma, "that is a Jewish store. We must buy only in German stores, where we will not be cheated."

An equally deep impression may be expected from the stirring picture devoted to the Jewish Beau. A flashing-eyed father, in the best East Lynne tradition, stamps in cold rage upon the parlor floor. One hand is raised as if to strike his daughter; the other points to the door. His blonde beard wags and his baby-blue eyes almost pop from his head as he bellows in righteous fury: "You've been seen with that Jew Solly Rosenbloom . . . and only on account of his money . . . you have destroyed the good name of our family!"

But on the last page the child reader can see himself in the "Picture-Book" once more. He sits at a roadside, grinning broadly, merrily engaged in playing a march tune on an accordion. The road has a big signpost reading, "One-Way Street to Palestine." And down it are marching all the Jewish characters he has come to know so well in the book's other twenty pages: the dirty butcher, the skinflint lawyer, the murderous doctor, the pearls-proffering debaucher of German womanhood, and so on. Another tow-headed child at his side laughs heartily as the "modern Exodus" shuffles past.

The author of the novel nursery rhymes is not Streicher but a young Third Reich school teacher named Elvira Bauer. Friendly Third Reich critics point out that "her activity as kindergarten instructress has given her a rare insight into the souls of children."

Together with Streicher's notorious *Stürmer,* the new kiddies' book may prove the most powerful item of anti-Nazi propaganda now being published in Germany.

The Farmer-Labor Party of Minnesota

BY CHARLES R. WALKER

II. Governor Olson's Last Interview

THE best defense of the Farmer-Labor Party of Minnesota from the point of view of the real interest of the workers and farmers emerges, I believe, from a study of the indictments of its enemies. The main counts registered against the party in Minnesota by political opponents are (1) corruption and graft, (2) extravagant use of public funds, (3) that it stands for the overthrow of the American form of government, (4) that it turns class against class by fostering radical labor unions and farmer organizations.

On point one, with all the will in the world the perennial investigating commissions of Republicans have been able to produce very little evidence of actual malfeasance in public office. That there is graft in the party machine is unquestioned. But in comparison with the record of other parties the history of the Farmer-Laborites is a model of public virtue.

The heaviest opposition artillery has been trained against Farmer-Labor extravagance. For a five-million-dollar relief bill and other increased relief appropriations, as well as the prevention of salary cuts, the Farmer-Laborites cheerfully accept responsibility. And on the whole, although plenty of inefficiency and bureaucracy can be, and has been, uncovered by political opponents, the fact that the state budget has been lower under the Farmer-Labor administration than under preceding Republican ones is a convincing, if not final, refutation of the "main charge."

The accusation of conspiring to overthrow the American form of government is in an entirely different category. If we dismiss for the moment such campaign charges as that the Farmer-Labor Commissioner of Education has "Sovietism" taught in the public schools, which no one in Minnesota takes seriously, how much is there in the charge that the Farmer-Labor Party of Minnesota is an imminent threat to our present form of government? Unfortunately for the earnest believers in a "cooperative commonwealth," not much. Gullible reactionaries find "no difference" between Olson and Stalin, but practical business men have been able to get along with the "Soviet" state of Minnesota.

As to the fourth charge of fostering trade unions and farmer organizations, the Farmer-Labor Party, as we have seen, chalks this up as its major achievement. If "class hatred" is engendered as a result, the Farmer-Laborites simply blame the reactionaries.

What is the cooperative commonwealth toward which the Farmer-Labor Party strives as an "ultimate objective"? It isn't communism as the Marxist defines it. It is what Lindbergh, Sr., and many other Northwest agrarians would have considered a reasonable American economic Utopia—achievable through democratic parliamentary process and not by "red revolution." It envisions government ownership and operation of the basic and monopolist industries—steel, oil, textiles, grain elevators, mills, railroads—and of the big banks. The small business man is guaranteed his property and the right to a "reasonable" profit. The farmer enjoys the right to private

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property and land and receives a reasonable return for his labor, as does labor everywhere. Cooperative enterprises are expanded. An economy of plenty replaces an economy of scarcity, and "production for use" replaces production for profit. Roughly, half the voters for the Farmer-Labor ticket believe in the practicability of the cooperative commonwealth. Another half do not lift their eyes from practical politics and the "immediate reforms" —pensions, unemployment insurance, repeal of a sales tax, and so on—which they hope these politics will bring about. Many thousands vote Farmer-Labor with no decisive convictions on the cooperative commonwealth, but in the belief that Farmer-Laborites "are on the side of the common people." A minority, including members of the Communist Party, looks on the Farmer-Labor Party as a present defense against fascism and as a transitional stage to bona fide communism.

Before attempting a balance sheet of the party's achievements, I wish to give place to the testimony of the man who more than anyone else built the Farmer-Labor Party of Minnesota as a force in practical politics, and who, if he had lived, would unquestionably have played a leading role in the development of any national party—the late Governor Olson. A few weeks before he died, while he was confined to his bed in the Mayo clinic, I discussed with Governor Olson the nature of the party, its practical operation, and its ultimate goal. With the amazing moral and physical courage which was characteristic of him, he spoke of his own illness and his determination to lick death, as well as his political opponents, if he could. "So you heard my speech at the Farmer-Labor convention," he said. "A lot of people thought I had bellowed my last bellow and had me already in the dust. I spoke for an hour and a half," he concluded grinning, "just to show these birds I could do it." He then turned to the social and economic divisions in Minnesota in the midst of which the Farmer-Labor Party was called upon to play its role.

"We have everything here. Labor is well organized; the farmers are pretty well organized, not as well as they should be; the employers are very well organized. You see, on the employers' side, in spite of the fact that flour is moving to Buffalo, the mill interests are still pretty potent. The financial interests and control are still here in Minnesota, as much as in the days of the founders of the milling dynasty. Although lumber is almost gone, the same is true of the lumber interests. Then there's U. S. Steel with mines in Mesaba."

I asked him specifically about the practical working of the party, and he launched into an attack against "the ritualists and leftists," among whom he included certain Communists and Socialists—not all—as well as some fanatical Laborites in the East who, he said, wanted to elect a Farmer-Labor President this year. "Before they even have one Labor alderman in New York!" He talked long against the premature launching of a Farmer-Labor campaign for the Presidency. "We don't want a third party like the La Follette business in '24; after the election nothing left. I say, go ahead on state tickets but no Presidential campaign."

Speaking of Labor's Non-Partisan Committee headed by John L. Lewis, "It's a very sound idea—utilize the people who can help you on your program and principles. Now take Minnesota, you see they refuse to do that here, or rather we haven't done it enough. That's been one of our troubles. Instead, in every damn district they'd put up a Farmer-Labor candidate no matter what the political conditions, so that even if his opponent was a liberal and would have gone along with us on a lot of things in the legislature, he was driven over into the camp of reaction. Do you see what I'm getting at? With a Farmer-Labor candidate against him, a radical, he'd feel obliged to take up a regular Liberty League position against us. Result: our man loses, the liberal is elected, and he votes conservative in the legislature. That's why we've only had control of one house once."

This was a reference to the famous "bloc with the liberals" denounced perennially in Minnesota by "pure" Farmer-Laborites. Olson, far from deprecating it, argued that the maneuver was shamelessly neglected to the party's detriment. In this connection he mentioned that he was to speak at a dinner of a faction of the Democratic Party and that there would probably be political fruits for the coming election. This prognosis was justified later by the withdrawal of the Democratic state ticket in return for Farmer-Labor support of Roosevelt.

In connection with the basic philosophy of the Farmer-Labor Party, the Governor discussed his "production for use" theory both as a goal and as a means of getting there. "I was in New York at the time of the debate between Norman Thomas and Upton Sinclair on the subject 'Resolved, that a production-for-use economy is impossible under capitalism.' I bawled Thomas out for that. First place, it wasn't fair for Thomas to debate with Sinclair on anything. It was like Joe Louis fighting a featherweight. Second, Thomas was wrong and Sinclair was right. I said the wording of the debate should have been reversed: 'Resolved, that capitalism could no longer exist if it had a production-for-use economy.' It would be like a cancer in the stomach of capitalism. Practically it would work like this: There are fifteen million unemployed in this country. Production-for-use factories, like those we started here in a small way under the FERA, would absorb these workers, and the sale of their products would gradually put out of business firms owned by private capital. In turn the workers released by the private firms would be absorbed by new production-for-use units . . . until the major part of industry came to be government-owned, producing for use and not profit. I tell you, capitalism could not stand a production-for-use economy. It would be killed off, and we'd get what we want. The trouble with these leftists and ritualists—they want to ride on a white horse with a pennant flying hell bent for the barricades. My method is a different one. 'Boring from within,' which I learned from the old Wobblies."

Summing up the principal concrete achievements of the party in Minnesota, he said, "We haven't accomplished much in legislation. Something, of course—relief appropriations, mortgage moratoriums, and the like.

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More important, the party has been an educational force in inculcating certain principles—collective bargaining, for example; a lot of farmers as well as employers have to be educated on that. Then the principle of the government, as against private charity, caring for the unemployed and appropriating public money for relief. There are other principles the party has popularized—I am naming only a few. One of the most important is that the National Guard must not be used to smash strikes.

The primary business of a Farmer-Labor Party is to win elections; this explains both its nature and its limitations in theory and practice. In this the Farmer-Labor Party of Minnesota, or any Farmer-Labor Party which may be created on a national scale in the United States, does not differ basically from the labor or reformist parties of Europe. Accordingly, it can hardly be expected to establish either communism or the cooperative commonwealth, both of which presuppose a basic changing of the "rules of the game." Significantly, however, it has a dual nature, and its base in the rank-and-file movements of farmers and workers not only encourages and strengthens these organizations but makes the party subject to their pressure.

It is natural that the prospective architects of an American labor party should stress its future power and possible conquests. Under certain circumstances, as we have seen, such a party can be a powerful political arm of the American labor movement. But it is important that its limitations be weighed as seriously as its assets, and that there be no confusion about its class nature.

[*This is the conclusion of Mr. Walker's article on the Farmer-Labor Party. Part I was printed last week.*]

Manuel Quezon—Philippine Dictator

BY JAMES S. ALLEN

Manila, P. I.

IT IS said here by those who dare that when Americans pass Corregidor, the jutting mountain which guards the entrance to Manila Bay, they leave their democracy behind them. Yet the idea is widespread in America that the United States, in extending independence to its most valuable possession and thus creating the "youngest republic in the world," was actuated by the most magnanimous and benevolent motives. The Americans, let it be remembered, are the real architects of the Philippine Commonwealth; the ruling Filipinos are merely the engineers on the spot.

Leaving aside for the moment the dubious independence granted in the Tydings-McDuffie Act, and considering only the actual results thus far achieved in the Philippines, one asks whether it is not a new military dictatorship instead of a democratic republic which is emerging in the Pacific.

Among the people democracy is still an ideal to be fought for, but at Malacañan, the former palace of Spanish and American Governors-General, now the residence of the President, it is only an ornament on the structure of government. President Manuel L. Quezon has been steadily concentrating more and more power in his own hands. A very adroitly drawn constitution started him well on his course by placing the purse-strings of the nation in his hands, to the surprise of assemblymen who attempted some revisions of his budget during the last session. The President can also claim constitutional authority to appoint not only members of the Supreme Court but all judges of the inferior courts. In the absence of a jury system, Quezon has been able to establish a judicial oligarchy directly under his control. He has taken to himself tremendous powers of appointment and dismissal reaching to the lowest officials of the government apparatus, even to elected officials.

With every usurpation of power by the President there has come a further abrogation of the rights of the unicameral National Assembly and of the people. Every bill that gets through to the National Assembly via three committees on reading is either originated or first approved by the President. An assemblyman who indulges in any direct criticism is likely to find himself next morning on the carpet before the Big Boss in the palace. If some small opposition group threatens to obstruct the official steam roller, Quezon steps out of his role as President into that of coalition leader and personally cracks the whip over an Assembly which has, for the nonce, been turned into a party caucus.

Only one political party is tolerated. This is the coalition of the two wings of the old *Nationalista,* which split in 1933 on the question of accepting the Hawes-Cutting "independence" bill. Other parliamentary parties and groups were absorbed in the coalition, which is dominated by Quezon. There are good grounds for believing that a one-party system under a "strong man" was one of the guaranties demanded by Washington in return for a greater measure of self-government in the Islands.

The legislative record of the National Assembly, therefore, is merely the record of Malacañan. Most of the important bills passed by the Assembly benefit intrenched capital. The mining, lumber, and power interests are fully protected in their privilege of pilfering the natural resources of the country. A much-heralded "socialist" tax measure increased corporation taxes from 3 to 6 per cent, in the face of an astounding rate of profit; it led Lord Rothermere, in the course of a recent visit, to refer to the Islands as the only remaining haven of business men. The tax proved a boon to American interests, the largest here, which are relieved of paying taxes to the United States at the corporate rate of 13½ per cent. The so-called nationalization measures, presumably intended

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to protect Filipino business against foreign competition, in reality provide further protection of American interests against Japanese competition.

On the other hand, Malacañan has displayed extreme indifference to the needs of the people. After considerable agitation and a huge demonstration in Manila staged by the leaders of the higher-wages movement, a minimum wage of $15 monthly was conceded to government employees, but the minimum wage for workers in private industry was sidetracked. No steps were taken for the relief of the unemployed, who number, according to official estimates, 1,300,000 in a total population of about 14,000,000. The existing pension system for government employees, including teachers, was replaced by a new insurance plan which wipes out the benefits that had accrued over many years, decreases the number of eligibles, and reduces pensions. Quezon's promise to purchase the vast estates of the friars and resell them on easy terms to the tenants has gone by the board entirely. A bill was passed some time ago authorizing the purchase of the sites upon which the tenants' homes are built, to prevent evictions and the burning of houses by the friar administrators; but it has remained a dead letter.

The only direct relief measure passed was an appropriation of $750,000 to aid the victims of the typhoons and floods which had spread destruction and destitution through a number of provinces, but most of this fund was spent in repairing inadequate dikes. To offset this unusual liberality, about $650,000 was set aside for such essential social services as maintaining the Belo boys, Quezon's staff of hangers-on at Malacañan, improving the palaces of Don Manuel, and buying and keeping up a presidential yacht. About $8,000,000 was set aside for military purposes, but a bill providing for universal public education, made mandatory by the constitution, was killed because the government could not find the funds.

The most important labor measure, hailed as nothing less than a "New Deal for the forgotten man," establishes a system of compulsory labor arbitration for disputes between tenants and landlords as well as for those between labor and capital. An attempt is made to mix some sweet with the bitter by empowering the arbitration court to establish minimum wages in certain industries after due study, but as a whole the bill is intended to make strikes illegal and to hamstring labor.

Other oppressive legislation includes a new sedition bill along the lines of the law enforced during the early stages of American occupation; the nationalization of the police under the central government, which deprives the municipalities of any supervision over the local forces; the formation of a G-man department with political functions; new radio and press-gag laws.

As the recent regular session of the Assembly was drawing to a close, Quezon attempted to force through a bill postponing indefinitely the municipal and provincial elections scheduled for June, 1937, and granting him the power to appoint new officials. The reasons advanced were the need for economy and the desire to avoid increased radical agitation. The assemblymen recognized the threat to their own existence and resisted strenuously, but Quezon thrust the measure down their throats. In the compromise finally reached, the elections were postponed for one year and Quezon was granted the right to appoint officials in the interim. To put the assemblymen in a more receptive mood for this change their terms had been previously extended another year.

While he has been tearing down the structure of democratic government, Quezon has also been erecting the framework of dictatorial power. The Strong Man intends to rest heavily upon the new national army. The National Defense bill, drawn up by American military authorities, was the first measure shoved through the inaugural session of the Assembly. It is as clever a piece of diplomatic imperialism as has ever been forced upon a colony. It provides for military training from the age of ten and for the establishment of a conscript army, owing allegiance to the President of the United States, which with the trained reserves will number at least a half-million men by 1946. Under the direction of former United States Chief of Staff Douglas MacArthur, the new army is being cast in the mold of the United States Army from every principle of its organization and training down to the last details of routine and even of uniform. The American people would never have agreed to the establishment of a colonial army, but Washington is forming one in the most likely theater of war and has placed the whole burden of it upon the Filipinos.

From the standpoint of Washington, the new army is also to serve an important internal function: it looks so much better to have Filipinos shot down by Filipinos than by American troops. Quezon needs military support to maintain his grip and he is being supplied with an adequate instrument to be used against the people. Here, too, the President has been granted unusual powers. As chairman of the Council of National Defense, he appoints its members and directs its work. The President is empowered to decree partial mobilization even before calling a session of the Assembly to approve the act, and then it may be too late. Quezon is forming the closest personal connections with the army command, and fascist ideas are prevalent in top military circles, as, for example, the proposal of Chief of Staff Santos, enthusiastically indorsed (or initiated?) by Field Marshal MacArthur, for the creation of compulsory labor camps in connection with the army.

Quezon has already used the army to assure the election of his own candidates to fill vacant seats in the Assembly. Fully a month after the special elections martial law still existed in a province where Malacañan's candidate was "elected" by the military. Quezon was decisively defeated in this very province in the Presidential elections of 1935. In the principal town, the center of present troubles, Quezon received 107 votes as against 2,066 votes for Bishop Gregorio Aglipay of the Philippine Independent Church, the candidate of the Coalition of the Oppressed Masses.

A few years ago, when Quezon was hard-pressed by his political opponents, he sought and received the support of the Catholic church by renouncing freemasonry

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and returning to the faith of his fathers. On that occasion he received from Archbishop Michael J. O'Doherty of Manila the blessings of the church for his political undertakings, a bullet-proof car, and other gifts. To understand the full significance of the alliance between Quezon and the church it is necessary to remember that the revolution was directed mainly against the hierarchy of the Spanish friars. Yet the Islands remain a priest-ridden country in which the Catholic church and the monastic orders are the bulwark of landed property and reaction. The exploitation of the peasants on the friar haciendas is reminiscent of José Rizal's descriptions of the Spanish oppression. The church also owns extensive city properties, controls three banks, and has heavy investments in commercial and industrial undertakings.

The clerics are the chief ideologists of reaction. Since the administration of Governor-General Murphy, a Catholic, the church's encroachments upon civil liberties have become menacing. The Catholic Action is concentrating its activities among the student youth, and its publications read like the manifestos of Goebbels or Franco. The church incites and leads every attack upon liberals and radicals and acts as an extra-legal censor in the schools, over the press, and over the activities of labor leaders. Professors at the state university are terrorized by its strictures, and rarely does criticism of the church find its way into print. Although the constitution is supposed to guarantee freedom of conscience and separation of church and state, a loophole in the law permits religious instruction in the public schools.

Quezon can count upon the full support of the American monopoly interests in the Islands and on an important section of the Filipino bourgeoisie. Don Manuel is reputed to be one of the wealthiest men in the Philippines, and in his closest entourage are to be found the financial and landed aristocracy of the country. The President has even gone to the extent of granting capital a direct function in government by establishing the National Economic Council for the announced purpose of planning and undertaking the development of those industries which are deemed necessary for national defense. Like the National Defense Council it is responsible only to Quezon. Thus far it has shown no signs of industrial planning, but has acted as a super-cabinet. As an organization of big capitalists created to participate in government the council is a potential fascist instrument. It contains, besides a few government officials, one of the leading American mining magnates and representatives of the wealthiest section of the Filipino bourgeoisie, which depends upon the American free market and is interested in maintaining the closest economic and political ties with the United States. For this the sugar interests are ready to sacrifice the development of an independent native industry.

Meanwhile President Quezon, in the fashion of demagogues, makes stirring pleas for the "welfare of the masses." In a recent Assembly caucus he even described himself as one of the foremost authorities on socialism in the Philippines and referred to his pension-cutting plan as "the beginning of a program of socialism." In reality, the Administration is virtually in a continuous state of war against the people. The former constabulary, American trained and now incorporated into the new army, is used as a police force throughout the Islands and is thoroughly hated by the masses. One of the first jobs which Quezon undertook as President was his drive against "bandits," who were really peasant guerrilla fighters seeking to right individual injustices. Among them were a number of labor leaders forced to seek refuge in the mountains to escape government persecution. Over a thousand constabulary soldiers were concentrated for months in the territory where two small bands were hiding but were unable to capture them until the peasant population was driven out.

The "leading authority on socialism" has a venomous hatred of Socialists, and red hunts are frequent and brutal. During a press conference at Malacañan, Quezon announced that he would grant amnesty to the Communists, Tangulans, Sakdals, and others with "similar unintelligible names" only in order to "hit them harder" if they should continue their activities. "I am against communism," he said, "and I will throw anyone in jail who advocates communism." When a newspaperman inquired whether a professor in the university (state owned) could explain the meaning of communism to his classes without being thrown into jail, the President explained thoughtfully that in his opinion it would be permitted if the professor treated the subject academically. "After all," he declared with a liberal gesture of dismissal, "it would be going too far to prohibit academic treatment of the subject, for then there would be no freedom of speech here." Advocating communism in any form is a crime under the sedition law. And the Quezonists tend to interpret as communism any criticism of the Administration.

The Communist Party is illegal and nineteen of its leaders are in exile in the mountain provinces. The Socialist Party is threatened with suppression; its organ, *Socialism Today,* has been barred from the mails. The Sakdalista and other opposition groups are permitted to enjoy a semi-legal existence. The press is pretty thoroughly under the control of Quezon or his supporters, and the radio stations suffer a strict censorship. The anti-clerical, strongly nationalistic Independent Church of Aglipay, which counts several million supporters, is at best tolerated by the administration; its priests have been occasionally persecuted by local authorities. Quezon privately has expressed strong sympathy for the fascist rebels of Spain.

Quezon is too shrewd a politician to neglect the "build-up" angles of Strong Man dictatorship. For instance, it is often stated by Filipinos and Americans that the whole set-up of the commonwealth was worked out with Quezon in mind and that he in turn cooperates perfectly. On the other hand it is felt here by prominent oppositionists that should the United States withdraw its support from Quezon at the present time, the Strong Man could retain power for only a brief period.

[*In later issues Mr. Allen will discuss other aspects of the Philippine problem.*]

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Santo Domingo, 1937

Trujillo City, February 12

THE story of Santo Domingo is soon told. Generalissimo Rafael Leonidas Trujillo Molina is its dictator. In some respects he resembles Hitler. He is more successful, economically speaking, and he naturally has not aroused the antagonism of the whole world; once he fell foul of Mussolini because he locked up the Italian consul. Otherwise his international relations have been peaceful. Like Hitler he has done away with his political enemies and made his political party the only party. Many of those who opposed him are dead by his will or in exile. Others may be in prison, but the dictator has recently announced that all political prisoners have been released; to believe that, one would have to find out his exact definition of what constitutes a political prisoner. Some of those who opposed Trujillo have recanted or have honestly been won over by his achievements. Nobody knows exactly what is going on behind the scenes, or who is in jail, for the press is as completely censored as that of Russia or Germany. To ascertain whether the dictator is today beloved by the people is impossible. He has had ups and downs in popular favor. Watching him at the Mardi Gras carnival, where he sat on a sort of reviewing stand, I was struck by the fact that the crowds paid practically no attention to him. But I was told that he is such a familiar sight that their indifference was not surprising; it was also explained that he did not wish to detract from the honors paid to the Carnival Queen.

But modesty is not Trujillo's long suit. In the city now called Trujillo there is a small replica of the Washington Monument. It is on a beautiful waterfront boulevard which the dictator built and named after George Washington, but it is in honor of Trujillo and nobody else. He pretends that Congress spontaneously changed the name of this historic city after he had declined the honor, but as nothing happens here without his consent he could hardly have remonstrated very vigorously. Press and public fawn upon him disgustingly, for nobody cares to be in his black books. A volume in English by Lawrence de Besault, circulated free by the government, contains a description of the President and his wonderful achievements which is the most nauseating, bootlicking performance I have ever read. That his chest is covered with decorations is hardly surprising to one who has read this gem in Mr. de Besault's book: "Through the initiative of President Trujillo there was created, to honor outstanding services to the republic or humanity, the Juan Pablo Duarte order of merit, of which, by virtue of the law establishing it, President Trujillo was named supreme head, and was given the Great Cross which decorates his breast." There are many big yellow signs in English and Spanish telling the reader that this is Trujillo City, renamed by a grateful nation in gratitude for the works of the dictator.

Vain or otherwise, there is no denying that Trujillo is a remarkable man. Of medium height and brown complexion, he has a fine figure and is very attractive when he laughs. He looks efficient and able and must be so, for he has accomplished remarkable things with relatively small means; foreigners who know the situation declare that he has done more for Santo Domingo than all of his predecessors for fifty years back. Trained as an officer by the United States marines, he speaks of that corps as his "Alma Mater," and any of its officers who turn up here are sure of a hearty reception. In eleven years he rose to be the head of the army, which he made into a very efficient body. Today the Dominican forces consist of a well-disciplined unit of 3,061 men—in American uniforms—a blue-uniformed police force of 700, and some 400 men in what is called the navy. As long as Trujillo holds that army in the hollow of his hand, there will be no uprising and no open opposition of any kind. In fact, there seems no reason why he should not rule as long as he lives—he is only forty-five years old. Never before has there been anyone in the Presidency here with so much determination, so much ability to visualize and carry out plans for modernizing the state. His regime is a material success; it has for the present given hope and encouragement to a people who felt that they were condemned for all time to be ruthlessly exploited by their rulers. One feels that his own spirit of virility and vitality has penetrated the whole nation.

Less than three weeks after Trujillo took office the terrible cyclone of September 3, 1930, destroyed the city of Santo Domingo. It was a wonderful opportunity for him. With the aid of the American Red Cross, he personally took over the work of reconstruction and rebuilt from the wreckage of the old a new and handsome city, clean and well policed. Enough ruins from the Columbus days still remain to make the place extremely interesting as the scene of the beginning of European culture in the Americas. The new streets steadily being opened are well planned and well paved. There are modern buses and good water, and Trujillo is spending $2,500,000 in improving the docks and dredging the channel into the Ozama River so that the largest steamers may land their freight and passengers at the very edge of the business district. Trujillo beat Hitler to a four-year public-works plan by starting his on January 1, 1934, and what

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is more, he is paying for all his improvements as he goes; he has yet to add to the country's funded public debt, which stands at $16,292,000 and need not be paid off until 1970. His government claims that it has balanced the budget every year during the depression—the truth of this depends, of course, on the bookkeeping methods used. He still has a floating debt, inherited from his predecessor, which is now stated to be less than $2,000,000. When I asked Trujillo why it was not being paid off faster, he said that he preferred to create important public works, and he added with a smile that only two countries in the world were now paying all their debts—Finland and Santo Domingo. All payments on the funded debt are scrupulously met, and the American receiver of Dominican customs, that veteran overseas official of our government, William E. Pulliam, testifies that nobody could possibly cooperate more fully and satisfactorily than does Trujillo.

The list of the dictator's achievements is long. He has established compulsory education for all children between the ages of five and twelve years, and there are today 118,562 pupils in the 1,198 educational institutions of all types—the marines deserve the credit for establishing most of the rural schools. He has built 1,442 kilometers of modern roads and 2,460 kilometers of telegraph and telephone lines. Even better, he has distributed 253,000 acres of the public domain among 54,494 heads of families who were in great need. Having a passion for bridges, he has built fourteen, two of concrete and twelve of steel, with a total length of 5,363 feet—so you are carefully told. His 1937 budget totals only $10,552,404. Out of this he will spend $1,443,000 on new public works and the upkeep of those existing. Education gets only $1,032,595. Running true to a dictator's form, he allots $1,885,125 to the army; as is the case with our own its expense creeps up every year although there is not the slightest danger of any international conflict.

The dictator's most astounding achievement is the establishment of a pretty honest public service. Graft is severely punished, and Trujillo boasts that every dollar the government spends goes to the purpose for which it was intended. It is true that his own fortune grows by leaps and bounds and that all his relatives live in fine houses. He is beyond question a millionaire. "Why not," people ask, "when he does so much for his country?" He gives generously—he sent $20,000 to the American flood sufferers—and the people are both grateful and impressed. They feel that for the first time they are getting their money's worth in public outlays, and they take great pride in the physical evidences of the dictator's achievements.

There is still much to be done before the country has really good schools and adequate hospitals and other needed social facilities. There is still poverty in plenty even if people are not starving to death. The country has suffered like all others from the world depression, and the principal crops must be increased. As in other South and Central American countries, the public revenue is raised not by direct taxes but solely by import and export duties. Hence trade with the outside world is essential to progress. Sugar, cacao, coffee, molasses, gold, and tobacco are the chief exports in the order named. A half-million tons of sugar left the country in 1935, the largest amount ever exported in a twelve-month period. Naturally Trujillo exerts his influence to encourage agriculture and wisely opposes great plantations in favor of small holdings. Gold is the only mineral mined, but there are deposits of iron, copper, tin, platinum, antimony, opals, and chalcedony which will some day add greatly to the national wealth. Nature, by a bit of indefensible favoritism, has given about all the minerals on the island to Santo Domingo, slighting Haiti. With but half the population and three times the territory of Haiti, Santo Domingo has vast undeveloped stretches of land and a supply of water for irrigation. There seems to be plenty of room for the large colony of Jews which it is sought to place here.

This is the garden in which the brown-skinned Rafael Leonidas Trujillo Molina is efficiently at work. There are those who believe that he has not read more than a dozen serious books in all his life. Except when he visited Haiti he has never been off Dominican soil in his forty-five years. Side by side with his capacity for good deeds, he has all the brutality of the dictator, and of course he uses the familiar nationalist jargon. He demands virility, national self-consciousness, dedication to the nation's good, and complete subordination to himself as the leader. He is proud that all audiences have to stand twice for the national hymn at every meeting. He is for the Catholic church as the national church. He promises woman suffrage at some distant time, but why he should bother to promise it when he runs the elections is not clear. For foreign consumption he says without a smile: "Our constitution guarantees a democratic and representative government, and I conserve this as a sacred duty." Press and Congress are prostituted. Not a word can be said without his consent. Still there is no denying that here is a real personality. A colored man is the first full-fledged modern dictator in the Caribbean.

Santo Domingo is undoubtedly "going somewhere." But where? No man can tell. It is today progressing materially at the expense of freedom. Its head is "wiping his feet on prostrate liberty" precisely as Mussolini once boasted he was doing. As with other dictatorships, his is founded on bloodshed, suppression, the imposition of a single will. It is too early to tell what the outcome will be. The army can destroy him whenever it chooses, but today it is commanded by one of his brothers. For the present the economic situation is sound; it is not at all certain how long it will stay so, or how long the people will be content to be deprived of all participation in their government, of all possibility of self-expression. The more education the dictator gives the more dissatisfaction is certain to grow up. Perhaps the crowds in Rio Janeiro, Montevideo, and Buenos Aires who clamored for *democracia* whenever they cheered President Roosevelt are fresh proof of the age-old truth that people in the long run are not content with good roads and public works and bread and circuses bestowed upon them from above.

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BROUN'S PAGE

Uncensored Column: Child Labor

I WAS writing a newspaper piece the other day concerning a subject on which I feel very deeply. As a matter of fact, the paper for which I wrote happens, by a fortunate coincidence, to agree with me for once. And yet even a fellow-advocate may be shocked by a columnist's violence of expression, even though they agree in general upon the subject in hand. That is particularly true if the fellow-advocate happens to be an editor who has to take the rap from all those whose toes may be stepped upon by anything which appears in the paper. Columnists are here today and gone tomorrow, while newspapers endure and suffer sometimes because of the recklessness of their employees. Nevertheless, I liked my own way of getting after the assassins of the child-labor amendment a great deal better than the modifications which crept in through a slight process of rewriting. And so I am going to ask permission to reprint the original version.

"In the eighteenth chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew it is written of anyone who offends against a child that 'it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.'

"To Albany there should go 110 millstones to the men (I believe they pass as such) who killed the child-labor amendment.

"It goes without saying that these members of the Assembly should be set in the memory books of the voters and blotted out of public life when next they show their heads. But that is too long to wait. Right now they should be belled like buzzards so that all shall know them by their comings and goings.

"And quite properly some distinguishing mark might be set on the door of their abodes so that decent men and women may pass by on the other side and avoid the dwelling places of the unclean.

"Dirty days have been known before in the Assembly in Albany, but now the lower house of the Empire State becomes the lowest in all the land. At times, I understand, men have gone to the legislature who were not above sharing in the profits of organized vice, but even such might recoil at the thought of trafficking in the toil of children.

"This is our legislature—yours and mine. It is craven and corrupt. And we must share some part of the blame. Many of us in election years have been so intent upon some major candidate that we have swept down a line of levers hardly knowing or caring about the fact that we were also expressing a decision as to the Assembly. The name of the man escaped us, if indeed we ever knew it. But we must know and we must care, for these people who sneaked in through the cracks have put the great state of New York in the ranks of the backward states.

"And if we chance to see the regimentation of children in a mill in any part of this broad country we must bow our heads and say, 'That is our concern. This dirty deed was done in Albany.' It is not often that a simple member of the Assembly gets an opportunity to export his stupidity and vileness into every state of the Union. And if anybody says that some few acted out of a high sincerity, it need only be answered that sincerity will hardly serve as a shelter for children who struggle through torturing hours in the sugar-beet fields of the West.

"We know the names of the men who did these things and we know the forces and the agencies which cracked the whip, and these men and things will be remembered.

"In the ranks of the legion of infamy places should be reserved for all who pretend to be wholly against child labor, but—. There are few foes so dangerous as those who proffer aid and then insist that the goal must be obtained in some other way. They are the painted clowns who assist in laying down the circus mat.

"And surely there must be one section of this parade of philanthrophists, public men, and prelates devoted to a representative of those publishers who brought the tragedy into being. There ought to be a special award for smugness. I do not see how it will be possible to top the *Herald Tribune,* which even twisted its news columns and made 'youth control' the mandatory phrase in describing the child-labor amendment. When the knife had been driven home, out popped an editorial entitled 'Now End Child Labor!'

"The friends of exploitation have won a temporary victory. But now we all know our foes and their names. At least they cannot stab us in the back next time. Let the cry go up, 'When do we fight again?' "

Out of my original version I lost "buzzards," "infamy," "vileness," "dirty," and quite a lot of phrases. "Dirty" was changed to "shameful." I don't know why. The most peculiar switch of all transformed "organized vice" into "illicit profits." And yet I should not complain too much at being made to seem a marshallow toaster because I started out by pulling punches myself. "Prelates" is a pretty feeble word for "bishops of the Catholic church."

If I have space next week I may discuss the sudden shift of many Catholic dignitaries to the extreme right. On a single Sunday (March 7) Matty Woll told a Catholic group that the C. I. O. was communistic; at another communion breakfast Senator A. Harry Moore attacked free speech, and L. O. Head said that good Catholics never went on strike. And to top it off Father Walsh, before the Columbus Club in Brooklyn, described the church as the sole resource for truth on all public questions. These are interesting developments.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

ST. THOMAS AND THE MOVIES

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

IN A volume* which runs to nearly seven hundred pages Mortimer J. Adler has studied the moving picture as a moral problem. The conclusion which he finally reaches will not surprise most moderate liberals but his method will, for Professor Adler is a leader in the neo-scholastic movement at the University of Chicago, and his "Art and Prudence" is scholasticism in full dress. Beginning with an analysis of the views of Plato and Aristotle on the relation of art to morals, it ends with some remarks upon the sin of pride. In between come not only a full history of the problem and a criticism of the so-called scientific studies of recent years but also a very exhaustive dialectic treatment of the whole question in Thomistic terms.

It is, I think, not too much to say that his chapters on the pseudo-scientific sociological treatises demolish them once and for all by exposing their almost unbelievable shoddiness, but I am afraid that the very persons who could most profit by what he has to say on that subject will get hopelessly bogged down in chapters which turn upon such distinctions as the following, contained in a sentence quoted from Jacques Maritain: "The Man of Learning is an Intellectual demonstrating, the Artist is an Intellectual operating, the Prudent Man is an Intelligent Man of Will acting well." It may be, as Professor Adler would doubtless maintain, that the dialectic method of scholasticism affords the only satisfactory approach to intellectual problems, but even so the fact still remains that the intellectual public will require a great deal of education before it can feel itself at home in arguments conducted in scholastic terms.

Professor Adler's analysis is so extremely formal and elaborate, as well as, frequently, so interesting, that it is impossible to give any reasonably adequate summary, but reduced to its barest bones it is something like this. Plato was very harsh toward poets because he assumed that they had no relation to morals except through simple didacticism. He is thus typically puritan, and most puritans have followed him ever since. St. Thomas, on the other hand, recognized the fundamental importance of Aristotle's theory of purgation, upon which rests any true understanding of the function of art. The question of the wisdom of any prohibition or regulation of art in society turns, then, upon two other questions: first, the question whether or not any particular work affords adequate purgation to the persons contemplating it; and, second, whether or not a particular prohibition or regulation would, by its general effect, do more harm than good. These are questions of fact to which so-called scientific investigations of the influence of the movies upon children and adults have given no adequate answers. We do not know whether or not people actually are influenced, and we do not know the extent to which, even if they are improperly influenced, it would still be preferable to educate for virtue rather than to prohibit a particular evil influence. The artist *qua* artist is concerned not with morals but with work good by other than moral standards, but he may, in the pursuit of his good, run counter to good of another kind. Society must find a way of mediation but may not violate the necessary freedom of the artist by attempting to dictate the content of art or by "violating the workshop itself by entering it without the credentials of technique." To do so "engages the prudent man in matters exceeding his competence." Society may, nevertheless, find it necessary, acting upon such imperfect knowledge as it can obtain, "to supervise the ways in which works of art reach their audience, to say, not what shall be made, but what shall be received and by whom and under what condition." The whole tendency of the argument is thus to minimize the extent to which censorships are necessary and to come as close to the conclusions of the classic liberal as is possible for anyone who is committed in advance to the assumption that the fundamentals of morality are absolute, not relative, and that the authority to prohibit works of the intellect or imagination can be legitimate.

Certain of Professor Adler's premises, like those just mentioned, can be accepted or rejected but hardly discussed. I think, therefore, that the reader whose philosophy is not scholastic will find that his attempt to criticize "Art and Prudence" is most fruitful when he asks himself whether or not modern liberal thought has any perceptions concerning the nature or function of art to add to those which go back to Plato or Aristotle; and it seems to me that there is at least one fact of some importance which Professor Adler overlooks—the fact, namely, that the poet is actually the original source of many moral ideas, not merely the transmitter of them.

No one will deny, I suppose, that we do get our ideas of what is right or wrong quite as often from works of the imagination as from ethical treatises, and we might argue, I think, that we are perfectly justified in doing so. Professor Adler assumes not only that moral principles are fixed but also that we arrive at them only through formal logic. Yet the poet has as much as the philosopher to do with the establishment of the *mores*, and if absolutes do exist, then there seems to me no reason to assume that the imagination of the poet does not reach them as often as the logic of the dialectician.

* "Art and Prudence. A Study in Practical Philosophy." Longmans, Green and Company. $5.

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Professor Adler does, to be sure, speak of "communication or social education" as one of the functions of art in a democratic society necessarily unnoticed by Plato, who was concerned with an aristocratic state; and it is possible that this term may be intended to include something of what I have in mind. He does, however, continue to assume that logic is the only source of moral truth and that it is obviously proper that the moral influence of art should be supervised by philosophers. But if it is true, as I believe it is, that the health of society owes as much to what artists have discovered as to what philosophers have proved, then there is no more justification for the censorship of art by the philosopher than there is for the censorship of works of philosophy by poets.

Animal Mystery on Display

BY DAVID GREENHOOD

Our giants the shadows
Strike forth upon vineless walls
Frighting us to the pause
In the March moonrise
But when jocular we recognize
"Only us"
They yaw across the dormant acres
Twice as tall
And crawl flat aground
Slowly shamed looking away
From the bare moon
With her fallow light
And lessening smile

BOOKS

Minneapolis Picket Wars

AMERICAN CITY. A RANK AND FILE HISTORY. By Charles Rumford Walker. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

IN A number of respects this book, a New Frontiers selection of the League for Industrial Democracy, sets a new high mark in contemporary American journalism. Modeled superficially on the ground-plan laid down by the Lynds in "Middletown," it is fundamentally different—more searching in both method and effect. It names its city, Minneapolis, the fading capital of Jim Hill's prematurely senile empire of lumber, wheat, iron, and transportation. It uses bald, accurate terms—class war, civil war. It chronicles the most extraordinary and in some ways the most significant labor struggle of the post-war era, the strikes of May and July, 1934, in which the gentlemen and clerks of the Citizens' Alliance and the truck drivers of Local 574 fought each other with clubs and stones until the class line was drawn in blood on the streets of the city.

There were casualties in that war. Arthur C. Lyman, attorney for the Citizens' Alliance and vice-president of the American Ball Company, was slugged to death in the Battle of Deputies

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A Personal Letter From Spain

By George and Helen Seldes

Bilbao, March 1st. *"Madrid is clearly democratic. The peoples of the world are fighting a common enemy of civilization and intelligence. This is our war; if you help, you share Madrid's immortality.*

"History is moving fast here and arm chairs will soon become antiques. The situation is more tragic than THE NATION, *the* NEW REPUBLIC, *the New York* TIMES, *Hearst tabloids, or the* NEW MASSES *can ever suggest. Men are willing to die . . . millions of them, but they lack. . . ."*

The letter is too long to quote here in full . . . last week we gave you a list of goods that Spain lacks. Checks and money orders are coming in a steady stream. NATION readers and friends are doing even more. Many of them are organizing dinners, luncheons, parties, lectures, to raise money for Spain.

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Run. He was commemorated by his comrades in a framed parchment reading: "In Memoriam to Arthur C. Lyman, who fought for his country abroad and who knew how to fight and die for the same principles at home." Henry Ness, strike picket, also a World War veteran, was shot during the unprovoked assault of the police on Bloody Friday; and was followed to his grave by a cortege of twenty thousand workers. To these might be added Floyd Bjornsterne Olson, whose death from cancer was hastened, no doubt, by the tragic role he was fated to play in the events described. Also, perhaps, A. W. Strong, director of the Citizens' Alliance, who died while this book was in the making. With him died, one feels, the confident, self-righteous intransigence of the older industrial oligarchy. From now on reaction is likely to wear different colors and move in different ways.

The war had consequences: a stricter definition and alignment of the class forces in the whole Northwest; the setting of new precedents and patterns for the labor struggle, in terms of quasi-military organization and tactics and the realistic use of political and diplomatic stratagems. With important qualifications Minneapolis in the summer of 1934 was a dress rehearsal for what happened in Detroit and Flint a few weeks ago, and for what may happen in textiles tomorrow.

The leadership was different of course. In Minneapolis strangely enough, or perhaps not so strangely, it came chiefly from the followers of Leon Trotsky—"counter-revolutionary fascists," to quote the then current and recently even more exacerbated Stalinist terminology. These Trotskyites, including the Dunne brothers, Skoglund, and Farrell Dobbs, were islanded in the Northwest labor movement after the 1927 split in the Communist Party. They proved they knew how to win strikes; the workers followed them despite the official Communist Party's cries of "sell-out," and still follow them.

In the end this war turned into a battle of wits and character between two proletarian intellectuals: Olson, the gifted, brilliant, ex-Wobbly lawyer-politician, whose life line, if it had been longer, might have led him to the Presidency, and Vincent R. Dunne, the lean, self-schooled, ascetic truck driver, who might easily have become a boss-man but chose instead to mobilize and lead to victory the labor armies of the Northwest. Study the photographs of the two men and you'll see why Ray Dunne won. I interviewed them both in the autumn of 1934 and can vouch for the fairness and accuracy of Mr. Walker's delineations.

The story is indeed heart-breaking. You wince when you see Olson, in the ominous lull that followed Bloody Friday, crack suddenly, call out the National Guard, occupy the strike headquarters, jail the leaders, and proceed, by the logic of the forces which he had thereby released, to break the strike on the winning of which his heart was set, on the winning of which his political fortunes depended. You see him straddling in anguish that implacable "picket fence," and you applaud the desperate, ineluctable counter-thrust of the strike leaders in defying and pillorying their Farmer-Labor Governor. Until the final crack came: a new federal mediator succeeding the exhausted Father Haas; pressure from Washington —Olson must have had a hand in that. Then the settlement which enabled Local 574 to pyramid its meager victory, checkmate the sabotage of the A. F. of L. bureaucracy, organize a dozen other industries, and in two years almost double the wages of its members.

You wince again—or at least I did—when you read that Ray Dunne, jailed and beaten up repeatedly during the July strike, had three ribs broken while leading, two years later,

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the picket line of the Strutwear strikers. Not a nice story for nice people. In fact, that war gave the nice people of Minneapolis the apocalyptic jitters, as testified to by an officer of the Citizens' Alliance: "There were thousands and thousands of bums and hoodlums and Communists there [at the Battle of Deputies Run]. Agitators worked the crowd up to the highest pitch of mob fury. They shouted, sang, and yelled. It was really horrible. I felt like slipping away, getting out of Minneapolis on to a farm somewhere, and never coming back."

Horrible. A striker testifies: "I seen one cop under a car and a picket poking underneath to get him to come out." Another: "We brought a bushel basket of deputies' and cops' badges back to headquarters, and two polo helmets. One feller had a captain's badge he was pretty proud of." Are these people hoodlums, Communists, Trotskyists? No. Just truck drivers. Family men. Pinochle players. Bowling-club devotees and movie fans like Ray Dunne.

Mr. Walker lets us see the domesticities, the social and psychological patterns, on both sides of the picket fence. He also prepares his drama by a reasonably adequate historical sketch of Minneapolis's seventy-five-year epic of rise and decline, and attempts, somewhat less successfully, to project the action into the future. Almost inevitably there are many gaps in both the factual narrative and the analysis, and some of these one regrets. But the book, besides being meticulously honest, is on the whole closely thought out and well written —a new mark for Mr. Walker and others to shoot at and surpass if they can.

JAMES RORTY

Mr. Wells Picks a Bone

THE CROQUET PLAYER. By H. G. Wells. The Viking Press. $1.25.

HAVING consigned to celluloid his intimations of things to come a century hence, Mr. Wells now directs a popular augury nearer home. For all its prophetic intentions, "The Croquet Player" is distinctly a product of the conjurer's hat and combines horror and homily in a tale which will recommend itself primarily to those who no longer respond to death rays and interplanetary excursions. The volume is not likely to disturb the slumber of readers familiar with the repertory of the horror-makers, but it is expertly paced and adroitly communicated. In general it concerns the haunted parish of Cainsmarsh, to which a Dr. Finchatton, a physician with "the jaded look of a man who does not sleep well" and a tale to unfold, has fled after numerous disappointments in London, in the hope of finding "tranquilizing surroundings" and rheumatism in sufficient abundance to assure him of a practice amid butterflies, wild flowers, and summer visitors. He takes his leave of Cainsmarsh at the close of the story, possessed of many curious demons and no bank account, having duly discovered the village to be a boneyard of Stone Age fossils which have had the effect of immersing the countryside in time past, and brutalizing both himself and the community to the level of potential savages.

The notion offers excellent grist for symbolic extension, but Wells is too dapper a hand to carry it forward successfully in the highly sensitized medium which he has chosen. He makes the "scientific" error of employing poetic symbols as though they were propositions to be proved instead of projecting them with tangents and clarifying them with refractions. A final chapter bearing the title The Intolerable Psychiatrist and implying another of The Tables Turned has

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THE *Nation*

ANNOUNCES FOR EARLY PUBLICATION . . .

Louis Fischer and Benjamin Stolberg on Trotsky

In order to give both sides an opportunity to discuss the controversial matters presented by Leon Trotsky in "The Revolution Betrayed," which examines the past twenty years of Russian history, we shall publish *two* full-length reviews of the book—by Louis Fischer and Benjamin Stolberg. No one interested in Russia will care to miss this extraordinary feature.

Samuel Duber on the Oxford Group Movement

The Oxford Group movement headed by Dr. Buchman is different from previous revivalist sects, for it has penetrated the upper middle classes and professional groups almost exclusively. Hence, its theories, its specific treatment of social problems, its strength, its political potentialities, and its present activities are known to few. In a factual article Samuel Duber answers most of the questions *Nation* readers might ask about this unique movement, which gives religious significance to a comfortable credo of possession in an uncomfortable world.

A Series on the Philippines by James S. Allen

Though presumably the president of a democratic republic, in the Philippines Manuel Quezon functions as a semi-fascist dictator. In this issue of *The Nation* James S. Allen analyzes Quezon's regime, showing particularly how it is influenced by American military men and methods. In later articles Mr. Allen will discuss the Islands' trade problems with relation to independence and American industrial interests and the attempt of the people of the Islands to oppose the policies of Quezon and his henchmen by means of a popular front.

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been appended, wherein the heart of the mystery is plucked out and packed in expository cold storage. The "croquet player"—whose titular honors are at best spurious—is seen to typify the reader, and the bogs of Cainsmarsh, to the last ghost, give up their identity with the powers of darkness and barbarity. All that is unclear through omissions either of flippancy or perversity remains no less unclear, and nothing is revealed that was not already sufficiently plain. The symbol itself is ready for a place on the boneheap beside the other fossils.

Doubtless, there will be many to devour the story with the best will in the world simply as a horror tale of good-old-fashioned variety—in which case its symbolic pretensions will speedily assume their proper status among the parlor divertissements as an agreeable substitute for automatic writing or the ouija board. The misfortune lies in the fact that "The Croquet Player" is conceived in the same genre that produced so profound and apposite an allegory for the times as Thomas Mann's "Mario and the Magician." Mr. Wells's eye, as always, belongs to the remoter lenses of the telescope and is most "prophetic" when it is fixed on astral spaces and imaginary islands, where riddles may be resolved *in vacuo*—even though they turn into parables in the end.

BEN BELITT

Whitman Reconsidered

WHITMAN. By Edgar Lee Masters. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

HART CRANE'S words, written during a period when most poets showed little interest in Whitman, are proving prophetic: "The most typical and valid expression of the American psychosis seems to me still to be found in Whitman. . . . He, better than any other, was able to coordinate those forces in America which seem most intractable, fusing them into a universal vision which takes on additional significance as time goes on. He was a revolutionist . . . but his bequest is still to be realized in all of its implications."

Today Whitman is indubitably one of the chief influences upon younger poets. His pronouncements on liberty are repeated, even though his general conceptions are altered to fit a different epoch. For it must be remembered that Whitman's myth of America was one possible only to an agrarian and expanding country. He made part of his thinking the conception of solidarity which entered American proletarian thought in the fifties through the labors of Engels and Marx. But living in a period in which the frontier still offered at least an illusion of equality, Whitman saw no contradiction between the principles of complete democracy and those of complete individualism.

Edgar Lee Masters is not, however, so much interested in Whitman's political theories as in the poet Whitman and the Whitman who defied puritan repressions. Masters has in abundance the zeal necessary for writing one biography after another. He delights in surveying all the materials and attempting to reproduce the poet as a living, natural human being. Whitman has already achieved greatness; he needs no defense—as Lindsay needed it, with whom for many reasons Masters almost too closely identified himself. This life of Whitman is therefore more objective and more impersonal than was the Lindsay biography. It is, moreover, the most comprehensive life that has yet appeared.

About half of the book is devoted to documentation. But one reads through the mass of already published material

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with renewed interest, for Masters is using this material to prove Whitman's general humanity. He is not afraid to acknowledge the great poet's faults—his laziness, his inferior abilities as a young newspaperman, his childishness, his egotism, his many idiosyncratic blind spots and incorrect judgments concerning other literary figures both of the past and of his own day. Then, too, Masters is particularly interested in making a case for Whitman as that type of man who is subnormal sexually and whose passions flow, therefore, into tender and imaginative channels only. Producing all the papers about the autopsy performed on the poet and all the medical reports, Masters proves conclusively that Whitman was long crippled by general miliary tuberculosis and died of it, not of any venereal disease. He indicates that Whitman's boastings about natural children were those of a man who wished to be thought completely natural. Certainly none of these children have claimed their famous father. Whitman's letters to Peter Doyle, the young workingman whom he loved dearly and helped financially, are given as examples of the aging poet's tenderness and desire to be loved. In depicting this side of Whitman's character Masters is very convincing.

In general, the biography is rambling, repetitive, crammed with quotations, but it is nevertheless very serviceable. Many books have been published about Whitman, but this is the most human and complete study of him. Particularly moving and detailed are the chapters on his last years and his final illness and death.

EDA LOU WALTON

Improving the Gospels

LIFE OF JESUS. By Francois Mauriac. Longmans, Green and Company. $2.50.

M. MAURIAC is a writer with a wide reputation in France. His "Life of Jesus" has run through several editions there. Now that the book is available in translation, one suspects that the popularity of the French edition is due more to the name and fame of the author than to its own intrinsic merits. The author is a devout Catholic. As such he is less inclined to reduce the teachings of Jesus to the proportions of liberal moralism than some of the numerous literary men who in recent years have tried their hand at a life of Jesus. On the other hand, he is more closely bound to the delivered tradition than some of the other interpreters. Furthermore, he shares with all amateur interpreters, whether skeptics or believers, ignorance of any new knowledge which modern historical scholarship may have discovered about Jesus. This happens in the present moment to be of considerable importance because of the researches into the relation of the thought of Jesus to that of the apocalyptic writers of Hebrew faith. It is just as difficult for a literary man to write an adequate life of Jesus without a full knowledge of the historical background as for him to write of a Napoleon or a Cromwell without complete mastery of the relevant historical material. No one dares to attempt the latter, but various men of literary gifts have been drawn to the former task by either their piety or the artistic challenge in the subject. In the case of Mauriac's effort the final result is a Life which manages to be little more than a free rendering of the Gospel narratives. The primary virtue of the attempt lies in the author's sometimes very penetrating explications of the words of Jesus. Its defect is that the narrative is spoiled rather than improved by efforts to heighten its drama and sharpen its contrasts.

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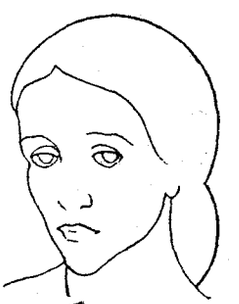

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New Novels

NONE SHALL LOOK BACK. By Caroline Gordon. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.75.

AT THE moment novels dealing with the Civil War seem destined to be measured by "Gone with the Wind." Miss Gordon's novel is shorter, less verbose, less reckless, less spectacular; the narrative flows less freely; the details are not so lavish; and there is more intelligence. Intelligence, indeed, of a distinguished and excellent sort is, in Miss Gordon's three novels, an outstanding characteristic. If it is not the only necessary attribute for a novelist, it is, for a novel that will endure, of prime importance. "None Shall Look Back" opens with the bland and charming life of Kentucky at the outbreak of the war; the afternoon sunlight on the rose garden gives the tone. And it breaks naturally into the siege of Fort Donelson and comes to a heady climax in the swift and desperate scenes of the Battle of Chickamauga. The battle scenes, indeed, have a power and passion lacking and perhaps necessary in other sections of the book. The romance between Rives Allard and his cousin Lucy is muted at the beginning when it should be most clear and free—Miss Gordon's head got in the way of her heart here—so that there is not sufficient contrast at the end when the war is lost and the old life is ended and Rives is dead. It is possible that Miss Gordon was less interested in Rives and Lucy than in General Nathan Bedford Forrest, on whom she lets herself go. He is a dashing buccaneer, a stern, dark-haired man on a great war horse, at the last a heroic figure of defeat. In our time, when heroism has rather gone out of literary fashion, General Forrest is a satisfying figure. He will cause an admirable novel to be remembered, one whose faults, where it has faults, are those of understatement and restraint but never of sentimentality or cheap melodrama.

THE ANTIGUA STAMP. By Robert Graves. Random House. $2.50.

Mr. Graves is also intelligent and an accomplished writer, but he is not above monkeyshines of the most agreeable sort. This story of a postage stamp and of the brother and sister who claimed it and fought for it, in and out of the law courts, for half a lifetime, is mostly monkeyshines, in spite of a number of hard things which Mr. Graves has to say about English public schools, the clergy, the law, and modern life in general. The stamp is unique; the brother is a bounder; the sister is clever, unscrupulous, and approaches, in her conduct, a kind of barbarian justice. The net result is highly diverting.

THEATRE. By W. Somerset Maugham. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

When Mr. Maugham dispenses shoddy he does it like a gentleman. The outer wrappings are always bright, smart, and not without elegance. This story of the greatest actress in England, her handsome, middle-aged husband, and her young lover (who, alas, is a boor), is put together expertly, in the best theatrical tradition. The lighting is costly, the sets are modern, the direction is of the best, the acting could hardly be improved upon. But the play is third-rate. Maybe it is fourth-rate. There is no use getting impatient with Mr. Maugham, who showed us long ago that he could do so much better than this. In a way he is just having his little joke, and keeping his typewriter from rusting. For all his recent novels are excellent publicity for a great book which he wrote twenty-two years ago.

CAROLINE SMITH

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DRAMA

Sweet and Light

LAST week an editorial paragraph in this very journal called attention to the fact that sweetness and light seem to be coming back into our theater. Further confirmation for the statement is now furnished by the latest offering at the Guild Theater, where "Storm over Patsy" turns out to be quite unashamedly pleasant. Unless my fancy is running away with me, the audience required some little time to get accustomed to the shock of not being shocked before it settled down to the enjoyment of one of the funniest last acts seen here in some time; and I myself kept wondering what it was that seemed vaguely old-fashioned about the piece. Was it, I asked myself, the somewhat anecdotal character of the plot or, digging deeper, something about the dramaturgic method? Thinking it over, I came, however, to the conclusion that the explanation was less esoteric. "Storm over Patsy" reminded me of the past because it was cheerful.

The plot has, to be sure, its social implications. The rising young politician in a small Scotch town obviously has a bit of the provincial Mussolini in his make-up, and it is that which leads him on to the egregious mistake of treating too lightly the case of an apple-woman whose dog Patsy has been impounded for want of a license. One thing leads to another, and when his career goes crashing about his ears, the moral is plain; but I am afraid that the primary intention is not so much to instruct as to extract all the very considerable fun to be got out of the humors of a provincial town. Just what the play was like before James Bridie translated it out of the German of Bruno Frank and then transported it to Scotland I do not know, but in the present incarnation it is innocently amusing. Everything turns out for the best because the people, seeing the promise of big tyrannies in the presence of little ones, will have none of the masterful statesman with lofty ideals—which is exactly as it should be but not, unfortunately, as it frequently is. By the time the hilarious farce of the trial in the last act is reached, even the mild moral is largely forgotten and one has come to be less concerned over the fate of the exponent of strong rule than over the question of whether or not the testy judge—played with rich humor by Leo Carroll—will or will not ever succeed in finding out who is supposed to have stolen the dog from whom, or just why anyone should care.

Except in one respect the play has been staged and acted with fine judgment. The one exception is traceable, I think, to a certain failure to realize just how anxious a modern audience is not to be unsophisticated, and it consists in the admission of certain traditional bits of dialogue or business which suggest too powerfully the age of innocence. Comic servants are, not without reason, somewhat suspect, and so are Sunday-go-to-meeting shoes too tight for their wearer's feet. Not, of course, that there is anything really wrong with either. Generations yet unborn will doubtless laugh at both, and audiences are going to like "Storm over Patsy" in any event. But they are also going to wonder whether they can afford to do so, and it would have been wiser to remove everything too obviously part of a tradition we sophisticates are committed to despising. Innocence should be disguised or someone may recognize it.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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RECORDS

IF YOU like "La Bohème" you will enjoy Columbia's new set of Act IV (four records, $6). For not often is there an opportunity to hear this music sung as it is by Lisa Perli, Heddle Nash, John Brownlee, and others, to hear it played as it is by the London Philharmonic Orchestra, and to hear it phrased as it is by Beecham. For myself, I like the gay portions of "La Bohème," which include the beginning of Act IV; but the tear-jerking in the rest of this act I cannot endure. Again I must wonder what mental processes resulted in the decision to have Beecham record an act of Puccini rather than an act of Verdi—not to speak of the second or third act of "Meistersinger." You may understand my wonder if you listen to the excerpts from Verdi's "Masked Ball" on Columbia's February list (one record, $1.50). You may, as I did, laugh for sheer pleasure at the characteristic expressive force of the opening melody of "Ma dall' arido stelo," and again at this force in the figures that appear in the orchestral accompaniment when this melody is repeated. The excerpts are sung in none too distinguished fashion by Gina Cigna.

Most of Bach's sonatas and partitas for unaccompanied violin, which fill many people with proper awe, fill me with boredom. Bach's craftsmanship could grind out music even without the prompting or participation of feeling; and these works are some of the results. An exception is the Partita in D minor, or rather one movement of it—the Chaconne, which is one of the greatest things in all Bach. Milstein's performance is straightforward and well recorded (three records, $4.50); but there is more in the work than he finds to bring out.

The best works of Loeffler—the "Poem," the "Death of Tintagiles," the "Pagan Poem"—are the works of a minor master, almost excessively fastidious in emotion and workmanship. None of these is recorded; and what Columbia offers now is a product of Loeffler's last years and declining powers—a Partita for violin and piano in which he too reverts to the eighteenth century, with results which have as little significance as the results of some other attempts of that sort, but which are more agreeable in sound. The performance by Jacques Gordon and Lee Pattison and the recording are good (four records, $6).

Most performances of Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony are hysterial; the performance by the Paris Conservatory Orchestra under Gaubert (five records, $7.50) sounds as perfunctory and listless as though they had considered the work beneath them, which it is not. There are pages in the first and last movements which I find magnificent not only in their emotional and imaginative power but in their extraordinary feeling for the entire complex of musical line, color, and mass.

Beecham is also represented on Columbia's February list by a recording of the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger" (one record, $1.50). The performance with the London Philharmonic is superb; the recording improves as the grooves are cleaned out but remains unsatisfactory.. On another single record ($1.50) is a charming Corelli Suite for a string orchestra (Sarabande, Gigue, Badinerie), well played by the Madrid Symphony under Arbos, and well recorded a few years ago.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

The Supreme Court "Grab"

Dear Sirs: I have your issue of February 13 containing your editorial on the Supreme Court grab now being attempted by our ruthless Roosevelt. . . .

For a supposed present advantage to your clientele, you are willing to sacrifice the traditions of justice in this country. Having no program to effect the remedy for the injustices which you feel exist in this country, you propose to overthrow institutions which prevent personal government, that is, fascism. I have the strongest feelings of revulsion against so-called liberalism of this kind, which prefers a policy making for revolution and internal discord to one of gradual growth and change.

PERRY J. STEARNS

Milwaukee, Wis., March 2

[In our issue of January 9, 1937, we published a general program entitled "Fourteen Points for Congress," and have since followed with specific programs for relief, the judicial power, labor, neutrality and peace, and farm tenancy. If Mr. Stearns will continue reading *The Nation* he will find during the next few months our programs for the remaining nine points.—EDITORS, THE NATION.]

Court of Big Business

Dear Sirs: Your readers may be interested in the appended reply to a communication addressed to me by a number of leading American writers, namely, James Truslow Adams, Marc Connelly, Edna Ferber, Sinclair Lewis, Robert Littell, Dorothy Thompson, Bernard De Voto, and William Allen White:

I thank you for including me in your company. I note that you do not seek to influence my convictions regarding the President's message on the Supreme Court. This is wise of you, because it will save you a lot of wasted time. What you do is to ask me to telegraph my Senators and Congressmen "demanding the fullest possible discussion" of the President's proposal. You tell me that you are "not aware of the existence of any emergency which justifies the risk of hasty action upon an issue of such importance."

In reply permit me to say that I should have supposed that liberal and intelligent Americans would already have given "most thorough consideration" to the need of changing the Supreme Court. They should have given it when the Supreme Court destroyed our child-labor enactments, and thus made plain that it paid no attention whatsoever to the clause in the Constitution which gives Congress the right to provide for the general welfare. I should have thought that American writers would have come to the same decision which I came to—that that Supreme Court of big business should be modified and "unpacked," or rendered impotent to injure the general welfare, by the quickest and most effective method which any President could devise.

You who call yourselves "leading American writers" tell me that you are not aware of the existence of any emergency, etc."

Presumably you have failed to note that we still have eight or ten million persons unemployed, and that upon a splurge of borrowed money we are starting upon another Wall Street boom which will prepare another quick collapse with the risk of civil war such as we are seeing in Spain. We are piling up steam in the boiler, and we have six or seven old men sitting on the safety valve, and you "leading American writers" tell me that you "are not aware of the existence of any emergency."

Well, I may or may not be a "leading American writer," but I certainly am not leading in the same direction that you are. Count me out!

UPTON SINCLAIR

Pasadena, Cal., March 1

Paine on the Judiciary

Dear Sirs: . . . Government by judicial negative was especially obnoxious to Paine, Jefferson, and others of the Founders. "The great object of my fear is the federal judiciary," declared Jefferson. "The whole judiciary needs reform," said Paine. . . .

Paine believed that the Constitution was defective in that it did not provide proper means for determining the "good behavior" of judges and for their removal. He therefore proposed to amend the article establishing the judiciary by inserting after the words, "The judges of the supreme and inferior courts shall hold their offices during good behavior," the following words: "but for reasonable cause, which shall not be sufficient ground for impeachment, the President may remove any of them on the address of a majority of both houses of Congress."

. . . Under his plan the Congress was to first propose the removal of judges, and the President, in his discretion, could then remove them. This method would have brought the matter as close to the people as possible. And this was Paine's aim, for he declared that under the Constitution as it stood "the people of the United States have no share in the appointment of judges, nor any control over them afterwards, and if the representatives of Congress have no cognizance over the conduct of judges as to good behavior or ill behavior, the judiciary may become domineering or even dangerous." And then Paine added: "It is fair to suppose that those who formed the Constitution never thought of this when they made the judges independent of our own Executive."

R. C. ROPER

Elmhurst, N. Y., March 4

The N. A. M. and the Special Conference Committee

Dear Sirs: Our attention has been called to the following statement in Mr. Ward's Washington Weekly comment in *The Nation* of February 27: "Representatives of a dozen of the nation's giant corporations have been meeting once a month in New York. . . . It is called the 'special conference committee' of the National Association of Manufacturers."

We fully realize that *The Nation* misses no opportunity directly or indirectly to criticize this association; nevertheless we believe even in *The Nation* misrepresentation should not be deliberate, and that there should be at least a reasonable standard of accuracy. Certainly if Mr. Ward had called our Washington office or if your own office had called the office here, the facts could have been ascertained. The "special conference committee" does not have and never did have any connection with the National Association of Manufacturers. As a matter of fact, some of the companies included in its membership are not eligible for membership in this association, and not all of those which are eligible actually hold such membership.

We are not criticizing the "special conference committee"; we would in fact welcome the membership of those eligible companies which are not now members of this association. I nevertheless direct your attention to the fact that the name of the National Association of Manufacturers was included in your

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columns inaccurately, unfairly, and without the slightest justification.

NOEL SARGENT, Secretary

New York, March 3

Dear Sirs: Mr. Sargent's letter is delightful. When even the National Association of Manufacturers begins showing compunction about being associated with such enterprises as the "special conference committee," we must conclude that progress indeed is being made.

I hope that Mr. Sargent will be patient with *The Nation* and me for a few more weeks until the La Follette committee gets around to holding hearings on the "special conference committee." Then, I believe, Mr. Sargent will find that the relationship between the N. A. M. and the conference committee is not so remote a thing as he apparently believes.

Meanwhile, he is technically correct in his complaint, and if he will examine the record of the hearing to which I referred —and examine it in the light of his own long experience with Congressional investigations—he will see how the record on the point in question is a little confused. It was in attempting to condense and refine that testimony that I made the mistake to which he calls attention. My error in construction probably was influenced by my recollection of Glen Alwyn Bowers's testimony before the NLRB last April. Mr. Sargent ought to read that testimony, too. In it Mr. Bowers, testifying as an expert on labor relations from the employers' side, traced the origin and history of the N. A. M. from 1898 to date and described as its primary concern forming a united front of employers against labor unions.

PAUL W. WARD

Washington, March 8

On Sound Reproduction

Dear Sirs: As one who is greatly interested in Ben Haggin's department in *The Nation,* I must deplore certain basic inaccuracies that lessen its worth. These inaccuracies flow from Mr. Haggin's complete ignorance of the technical aspects of phonograph reproduction, however valid may be his judgments in the aesthetic field, where I concede his qualifications to be superior to mine.

In your issue of January 23 he uses half-digested technical information so badly that an engineer must be highly amused and lay readers completely led astray by his befuddled conception of what actually occurs in the process of sound reproduction. Thus he says that without the use of certain auxiliary speakers, the overtones of high frequency were blocked. The use of the word "blocked" is amusingly wrong, and stemming from the same false premise, but much more serious in its confusion, is the statement about disconnecting the auxiliary speakers because of their disadvantageous effect on tone. The disconnected speakers, had they remained in the circuit, could not possibly have had a bad effect on the tone result. It's like saying that an eighty horse-power motor called upon to deliver forty horse-power will deliver it badly. On the contrary, the unused potential capacity serves to deliver the forty horse-power more smoothly. The unused speakers, if allowed to remain in the circuit, would at worst have been dormant; they could not have introduced distortion.

One popular manufacturer of quality markets an instrument that is claimed to go to 7,500 cycles on the high-frequency side both for radio and phonograph, and probably does. He also produces an instrument at a high price for which is claimed 12,000 cycles, but he is scrupulous enough to explain, when asked, that neither broadcast stations nor available phonograph records reproduce anything as high as that. SAMUEL E. LESSER

New York, March 9

CONTRIBUTORS

ANDRE MALRAUX, the distinguished French novelist, author of "Man's Fate," "The Royal Way," and "Days of Wrath," has been fighting in Spain at the head of the international air squadron. At present he is in this country speaking and writing for the cause of the Spanish loyalists.

RALPH THURSTON is the pseudonym of an American correspondent in Germany.

CHARLES R. WALKER'S new book "American City," is reviewed by James Rorty in this issue.

JAMES S. ALLEN recently spent three months in the Philippines collecting the material for his *Nation* articles and a forthcoming book.

DAVID GREENHOOD, a Californian, is author of "Poems, etc."

JAMES RORTY is the author of "Where Life Is Better: An Unsentimental American Journey."

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